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# The American Legion Weekly

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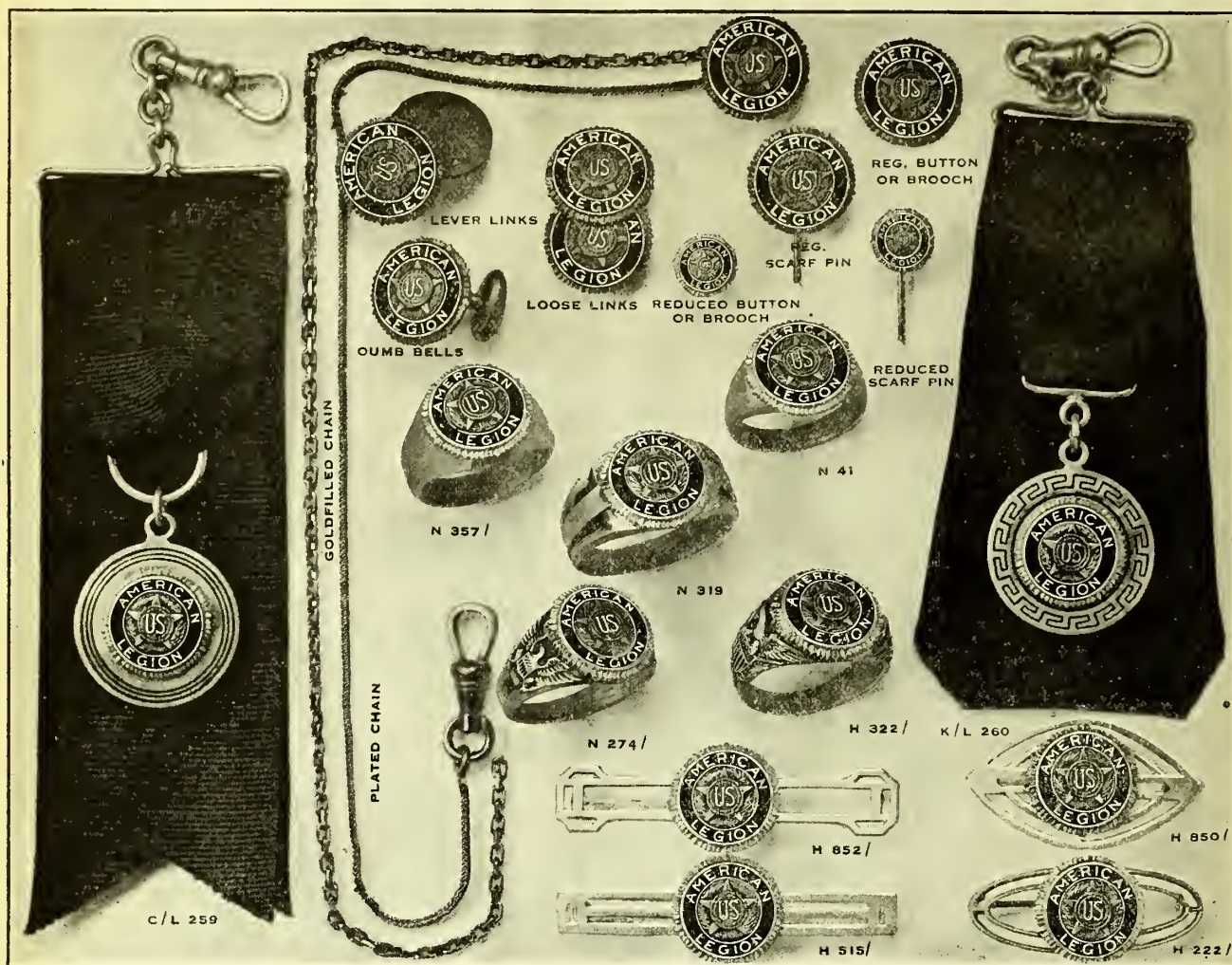
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# The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

He "had hard luck," the town explained. He "never seemed to catch hold after the war."

But the other man did not "lose his grip." He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

*After every war came the great successes—and great failures*

IS your future worth half an hour's serious thought? If it is, then take down a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the Civil War, and then came the panic of 1873.

There was a high tide after the Spanish War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

*Weak men go down in critical years—strong men grow stronger*

IF you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1920.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: "That was the turning point."

Thousands of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

They have trained themselves for the positions which business cannot do without, thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business Course and Service.

The Institute is the American institution which has proved its power to lift men into the higher executive positions.

*These men have already decided to go forward*

AMONG the 110,000 men enrolled in the Institute's Course, 20,154 are presidents of corporations; 4,866 are vice-presidents; 8,122 are secretaries;

3,892 treasurers; 16,460 managers; 3,636 sales-managers; 4,236 accountants.

Men like these have proved the Institute's power: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammernill Paper Co.; William D'Arcy, former President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., and scores of others.

Men, who have trained themselves to seize opportunity, will make these after-war years count tremendously.

You, too, can make them count for you.

*Send for this book. There is a vision in it for you of your future*

TO meet the needs of thoughtful men, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 116-page book "Forging Ahead in Business." The coupon will bring it to you without obligation on your part.

Send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now, while your mind is on it. You could not seize the chance that came after '65 or '93. But it will be your fault if ten years from now you say: "I could have gone on to success with 95,000 others, and I did not even investigate." Fill in the coupon and mail.

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# How Big Should a Business Be?

Abraham Lincoln when asked how long a six-foot man's leg should be replied, "Long enough to reach the ground."

THE big idea behind his droll answer is, that legs and arms and hands and feet, and intellects as well, must at all times be adequate to their purposes and to the demands placed upon them.

And what is true of an individual is true of a business. Its size, its reach, its activity are measurable and limitable only by the service required of it.

## *Why Armour and Company Must be Big*

Fifty years ago Philip D. Armour started in the packing business to supply the apparent demand for salted, pickled and smoked pork products. From this beginning the business was expanded from time to time to meet the constantly growing and more exacting *real* consumer demands. Today Armour and Company operate many packing plants in producing centers, 400 branch houses and hundreds of refrigerator cars are required to serve the world markets with fresh meats and scores of other food products.

## *Refrigerator Cars a Necessity*

This service is made possible by the operation of privately owned refrigerator cars, available every minute, every day, for transporting foods from packing plants to consuming centers.

In developing this great organization, Armour and Company have not stopped to ask themselves how big it should be. They have been concerned in the more urgent and practical question, "What does the need of producers and consumers demand?"

## *Who Wants to Know?*

The extension of the company's service to other than meat products has recently aroused the opposition of other distributors, and from them has arisen the question, "How big should a business be?" Not their own business, of course, but Armour's business.

Armour and Company have always proceeded on the assumption that there could be no limit to the expansion of a business and the extension of service, so long as the product and the service were superior.

They believe that both the producing and consuming public agree with that idea. For upon the completeness, efficiency and undisturbed continuance of such service depends the stability of markets for livestock and farm products, and a fit, sufficient and constant food supply for the nation.

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**  
  
**CHICAGO**



# The American Legion Weekly

Official Publication of  
The American Legion

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## The Eternal Frontier

"There Ain't Much Law West of the Pecos, or Down  
Along the Rio Grande"



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*"South of the river, Villa and many lesser leaders keep things humming."*

**F**RONTIERS! That much-used word in the vocabulary of our forefathers is almost obsolete today. But still it brings to mind wild, romantic pictures of hardship, privation and brave men's deeds. In its application to present conditions, though, it has lost the old-time punch. If you would learn about frontiers now, consult Webster's Unabridged—or go to the Rio country. Because frontiers, like frontiersmen, have nearly passed away.

Along our northern border from Maine to Minnesota civilization is supreme, if you except a few thousand I. W. W. Men hunt with safety in the big woods, towns prosper, and steel freighters carry a white man's burdens over waters that not so long ago were rippled only by leaping fish and the red man's paddle.

Westward to the coast is an international boundary that is the very acme of respectability. On the northern side the Canadian Mounted Police is now in grave danger of degeneration through idleness. South of the line cow-punchers have abandoned six-shooters for wire pliers and herd-riding for fence patrol. Fat sheriffs, white collared and store-clad, go about in big cars seeking vainly for lawlessness. The good, old, wide-

By CHURCH ABBOTT

open days of Cheyenne, Broken Bow and Carson City are gone, along with red flannel shirts and cowhide boots.

To the west there is no frontier. The Pacific has been reached. Far as the eye can see, fruit grooves and vineyards clothe the fertile slopes, and in the valleys below, trolley cars speed past prosperous ranch houses on their way to San Francisco, Sacramento and Los Angeles. Things out there date from "The Fire" now, and that was a disaster of our own time. Few live who can tell of the forty-niners.

**S**OUTH of us, along the coast from St. Augustine to Biloxi, you travel by motor or rail through hundreds of miles of fertile land tilled by white men. If the souls of those ferocious Seminoles who in days past roamed the region were to return now to their old hunting grounds, they would depart in sadness. Even smuggling has fallen from its once high estate and is now said to be carried on principally by Pullman porters who cross to Havana in their cars on the late Mr. Flagler's steam ferry.

But off to the southwest is a boundary

different from all these, a region that still stirs men's hearts. It is a land of industry, education and wealth—all that the twentieth century means—yet still an old-time frontier in the finest sense, calling adventurers from other parts just as other frontiers called in other days.

Up at Austin representatives elected by citizens of a sovereign state meet in solemn conclave and make statutes, yet just between ourselves "there ain't much law west of the Pecos or down along the Rio Grande." South of the river, Villa and many lesser leaders keep things humming, and the fever of it touches men's blood on American soil. A raid, or rumors of a raid; anxiety to stout-hearted settlers who have answered the frontier's call and made homes in the desert; sleepless nights and hard riding for lean rangers who thrive on "border trouble"; and much work for tired, saddle-sore, homesick troopers in khaki who curse their luck, take comfort in the fact that "Four long years is not a lifetime," and count the days until they can get "back to the States."

Some Texans hold that a blunder was made, that civilization down there was set back several generations when Texas





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*Down in the Big Bend, along the Rio Grande, the frontier is the frontier still.*

came into the Union. One morning after a bandit raid an old gentleman shook his head sadly.

"THERE would be nothing like that now," shaking the headlined paper at me, "if we had remained a republic. The Mexican question would never have been. It would all be Texas to the Isthmus now, everything quiet and orderly. Man, what a republic it would be! Why, there's land in old Mexico—"

He was off. The border man's dream, and I heard it many times. A ranch in those fertile valleys 'way down in Mexico, a land of plenty, a paradise in one of nature's gardens, an ideal just a little further on. . . . It might be so, but with the Republic of Texas south of us America's most romantic frontier would never have been.

Border psychology is a curious thing. Does the spirit which prompts men north of the Rio Grande to quick action grow out of "border trouble," or is it inherent in men who are attracted to the Valley? Opinions differ, and observations down there, if sufficiently numerous, will support any theory you may care to set up. One remembers college professors who discoursed learnedly on the effect of environment. Then he recalls tales of other regions in earlier days and is inclined to believe that raids, fights over water holes and personal matters settled with a gun reflect the same spirit which long ago drove men over the Alleghenies and up western rivers; which for a space found expression in "54-50 or fight"—the spirit of the frontier.

"Everyone dislikes it at first, but stay long enough and the country gets you." It was an army officer speaking, and he had been patrolling the Valley since Diaz' time. "Always too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry, or too something. But down along the river here our southern neighbors never let things get dull. Just about the right amount of trouble to keep a man's hand in."

"The men?" I inquired, having a rear-rank viewpoint in all military matters: "do they like it?"

"Well, you know the army. Every good soldier is a good kicker, but really they like it too—like the life and the country. Most of 'em drift back here after discharge. Go to the States for a while, get a job, and find that eastern civilization has lost its savor. Then it's back to the army again, and generally to the same old outfit. Give a man a good scrap and he's ruined.

"Scraps?"

"SURE, scraps. There's one being pulled off somewhere along the river almost every night. The Spics start it, you know," with a knowing smile, "and of course we can't help ourselves."

"But I thought border patrols were here to preserve order. You talk of guerilla warfare."

"Order, hell," and he went on tolerantly. "You've been reading the papers, open convenants, unarmed Mexicans and that kind of rot. There isn't any such thing as an unarmed Mexican, and there's nothing to do but shoot when you're shot at. You read in the press about the Columbus raid, Pershing's party and a few cattle raids, haven't you? Well, that's just a small fraction of what's gone on."

"For instance?" I had a feeling he was painting a border picture to amuse the green Easterner.

"All right. Did you ever hear of a battle down near Matamoras? No, of course it didn't get into print, but it was a nice party notwithstanding the absence of correspondents. You see there was a battery of Regulars down there doing guard duty at the bridge and sugar mill. One night a Spic got quarrelsome over the price of mescal and killed an artilleryman. Next day was Sunday and the officers were all away. The first sergeant lined up his battery, told 'em what had happened and asked all who wanted to cross the river with him to step one pace forward.

"They all stepped. Each man carried a shell and pistol, and dragged the pieces over by hand; stayed six hours, fired one hundred and twenty rounds of shell, all the small arms ammunition,

and came back home again. Nobody ever knew exactly what the result was, but best estimates gave 'em twenty Spics killed and that many more wounded. Eleven Americans were wounded but none of 'em bad, so they were carried on the sick report as hurt in football. The ammunition was accounted for on target reports.

"Oh, yes, the captain was 'called' hard, but fortunately he had married somebody's daughter in Washington and got off with a reprimand. The fight served its purpose, though. Price of mescal went right down and Spics around Matamoras were good as little angels for a long time. It had a good effect on the men too. Every one in that battery reenlisted when his hitch was up, and now they're down in the Bend kicking to beat the devil, because there hasn't been trouble in their neighborhood since."

AMONG army men down there you never hear a story first hand—it always happened to somebody else. Probably the old habit of buck passing, just in case any stranger would be fool enough to publish any of the tales he heard. But of second hand stories there is no end.

An old major told me at mess one night about some of his "youngsters" who had gone up the river a couple of hundred miles to play football against another army team.

"Officially, of course," he chuckled, "it was football, but it must have been a mighty rough game. That chap down there came home with his beauty mark," indicating a lieutenant whose scar recalled stories of student duels at Heidelberg, "and another one had two holes through his thigh.

"As officers our hands are tied, but in an officer's absence the noncoms—backbone of the army, you know—can do a great deal. In fact, they see most of the fun. A sergeant commanded our troops at Columbus, and if everything except two shotguns and one box of pistols hadn't been locked up he would have raised the devil with those Spics. Did a pretty good job anyhow.



"A noncom squared Barker's account with the Greasers, too."

"And who was Barker and what was the account?" I asked.

"Well, several years ago—in 1914, I think it was—Barker had command of a colored troop on the river above Del Rio. One night he was returning to camp alone and rode right into a Spic raiding party. They shot him, left him for dead, and lit out. But somehow Barker managed to make camp, more dead than alive. The first sergeant was a big black man of twenty years' service, and he knew just what to do. Bandaged Barker, put him to bed, posted a camp guard, took the rest of the troop and crossed over. They were gone three days and had pretty good pickings, if you can judge by the Spic spurs and saddles in that outfit now.

"Which of the Barkers was that?" I asked, wishing to show my familiarity with army register.

"Oh, I just called him Barker, but that isn't really his name." The old man's eyes twinkled. "Names and stories don't go together, you know."

**O**CCASIONALLY the troops on border duty are compelled to step mighty careful to avoid trouble with civilians. It is an axiom of the service that in civilian quarrels a soldier never wins.

A fine old colonel who is fretting himself fat at Southern Department Headquarters will grow reminiscent of his days on border service at the slightest provocation. My supply of "provocation" was getting pretty low, but the prospect of a yarn seemed to warrant my making the outlay.

"One of my lieutenants," said the colonel, wiping his lips, "showed what I maintain is the only known instance of a shavetail using common sense. He had half the troop on a hike and was in need of water for his animals. Late in the day they came to a water hole, and their tongues were hanging out. There wasn't a ranch house in miles and no one in sight to give permission of, so shavetail

takes a chance and commits what is a capital crime in the valley. He orders the men to water. The last animals were drinking when a great big, red-bearded son-of-a-gun came tearing through the mesquite on a pony and wanted to know who told 'em to use that water hole. Shavetail admits that he did. That old man went clean mad and reached for a gun.

"Now look here," says the shavetail, 'you can shoot me all right, but don't do it now. We're going into camp down the trail about a mile. Come on down. I've got some liquor in the mess wagon. It will make both of us feel more like fighting. Texas had been dry a long time then and the old rancher was amenable to reason. Their liquor, ran out before either of 'em got to a shootin' mood. That was a mighty fine officer. I hear he got to be a major in France."

**A**MONG the civilians one can pick up bits that would have been food and drink to Bret Harte or O. Henry. The hotel proprietor's wife at a coast town once gave me some friendly advice.

"I saw you in here last night with Judge Tims," she observed.

"Yes, the judge is a fine friend of mine."

"Well, that may be, but if I were you I wouldn't go around with him."

"Why not?" It made me a bit indignant. To my knowledge the judge came of fine family, was a graduate of two universities, possible senatorial timber, and a gentleman one rather liked to be seen about with.

"The judge is a fine man and all that, but he's had some trouble with his family over a law suit and his nephew Ed Parks is gunning for him. So far the judge has taken care of himself, but you never can tell. Whenever they meet in this lobby everybody else gets out."

"Has there been any shooting?"

"Only once so far. When the judge went down to Brownsville last court term Parks swore he'd kill him. The judge was sitting in the hotel lobby when

Ed came in and pulled his gun. The judge was quickest, though, and shot right at Ed's stomach. Ed went down like an ox and the judge's automatic jammed on the first shell. They carried Ed upstairs and found that the bullet had hit his belt buckle, followed around his belt, cut the watch chain in two places and clipped the stem off his watch.

"Mrs. Tims heard about it and wired her husband that if he had nothing better to do than kill time, he'd better come home. It will be different next time they shoot, because the judge is carrying a six-shooter now. He grew up on a ranch right here in Nueces County and ought to have known better than to carry an automatic at all."

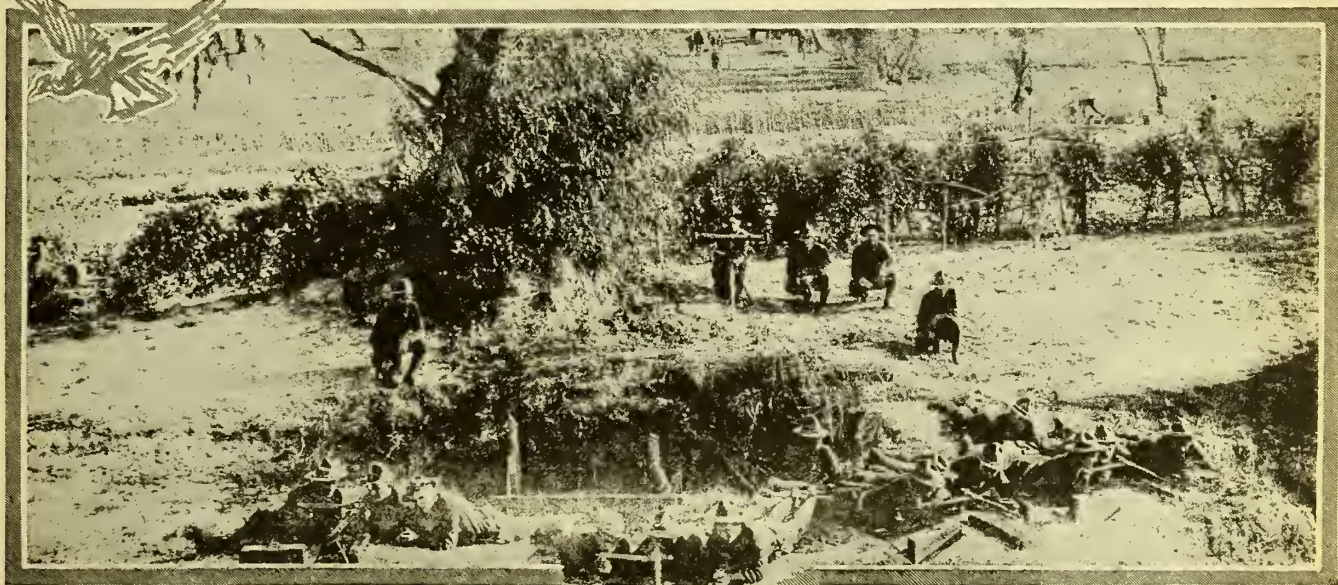
**S**INCE oil developments in north Texas salesmen are all over the Lone Star State selling stocks of various and sometimes doubtful value. It seems that intelligent men would know the risk involved in handling fake securities among two-gun people—but we have all read of men who played with marked decks long ago in Tombstone, Boulder and Leadville.

At the hotel a very fine-spoken young man who discoursed easily of "clines" and "anticlines" sold us shares in a "development" which we discovered—after his departure—was some three hundred miles from production. Among the investors was a charming young Texan who had dropped several thousand dollars.

"Oh dear," she exclaimed when it became apparent that we were stung, "I do hope my brother never finds this out."

The brother in question was an ex-captain of Rangers, political boss of his district—the Congressman doesn't even go home to be re-elected, it being all arranged for him—a small rancher struggling along with almost a million acres of land and several thousand head of cattle.

(Continued on page 31)



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"Scraps? Sure! There's one being pulled off somewhere along the border almost every night."



# What's Wrong with the Army?

"You Tell Us, Buddy," the General Staff Says to Discharged Men—and Buddy Speaks Freely and Willingly

**W**HAT'S wrong with the army? A few million buck privates have discussed that subject; likewise a number of corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, and so on up the grades. Raise the question in certain quarters and the answer is that grumbling is the soldier's privilege and one of the inevitable horrors of war; but after all, owing something for that hallowed right, there is a residue of honest opinion which will demand consideration when the country's future military program is formulated.

The General Staff heard something of the discussion when demobilization was well under way and discharged dough-boys began registering the complaints which the censorship and fear of punishment had formerly confined to the dugout and squad room. As a result, it was decided to collect some of the opinions, and the Morale Branch of the General Staff was instructed to prepare questionnaires for distribution at demobilization centers.

A study of questionnaires distributed among soldiers discharged at Camp Devens shows many interesting points of view and throws considerable light on the subject of military training and policy. The men were assured that their answers would not be read until after they had become civilians, so that fear of consequences need not hamper their freedom of expression. As a consequence, they were more fluent than in the "Yes, sir," and "No, sir" days.

Questionnaires of a similar nature, but containing more questions dealing with military policy and organization, were distributed among 2,000 National Guard, National Army and Reserve officers.

Privates had a good deal to say about their superiors, about discipline and about army life in general. As to the uses and abuses of discipline, one buck commented that "it all depended upon how much brains God gave the officer." An officer's criticism of the army was that it had fifty per cent officers and 100 per cent men.

Mess received its fair share of attention. It was suggested that all plumbers and blacksmiths be removed from the kitchen and cooks be put in their places. The officers were agreed that the existing jealousy between National Guard, National Army, Reserve and Regular Army officers was a serious thing and should be dealt with in the future military program.

On one point both officers and men were in majority agreement: that there should be some form of universal military training so that the nation would not, in the event of another war, again be found unprepared.

**E**IGHTY-eight per cent of the enlisted men and ninety-four per cent of the officers favored universal military training. The other six per cent of the officers and eight per cent of the men disapproved it; the remaining four per cent

A study of questionnaires distributed among soldiers at Camp Devens shows that eighty-eight per cent of the enlisted men and ninety-four per cent of the officers favored universal training.

As to the uses and abuses of discipline, one buck said it "all depended upon how much brains God gave the officer." An officer's criticism of the army was that it had fifty per cent officers and 100 per cent men.

Mess received its fair share of attention. It was suggested that cooks be substituted for the plumbers and blacksmiths, in army kitchens, and that the kitchen detail "should have sufficient intelligence to unharness the horses before they cooked them."

of the men expressed no opinions on the subject. As practically all of the officers questioned saw service overseas it was interesting to note that the opinions of the Infantry officers were 651 for and forty against compulsory military training.

The strongest opposition to universal training was expected from officers who were farmers by profession, but ninety-one per cent of them declared unreservedly for the proposal, while eighty-five per cent of the lawyers favored it in any degree. The highest percentage of opinion favoring compulsory training came from the Tank Corps, with ninety-seven per cent of its officers for it.

More demands for democratization of the army were made by officers than by the men; likewise more officers were unfavorably criticized by officers than by men. From the tenor of the officers' questionnaires it is evident that they accredited their men with far greater efficiency than they did their immediate superiors. To the query, "What do you consider fair criticisms of the service?" the reply of a Signal Corps lieutenant is typical of many: "A lack of trained officers. We had 100 per cent men with fifty per cent officers."

Although more than half of the questionnaires allotted to the Twelfth Division were given to men supposed to be dissatisfied with the service, eighty-nine and a half per cent stated that they believed they had been benefited in some way by their military service. Of the large number whose principal objection to service was the financial loss sustained, many believed this loss was equalized or nearly equalized by the benefits derived. The principal benefits, according to the answers, were better health and increased physical strength, a better knowledge of human nature, and sex education, particularly a realization of the serious and

far-reaching effects of venereal diseases. While 227 men thought their religion strengthened, thirty believed it impaired. These last laid stress upon the prevalence of swearing and gambling among soldiers.

**T**HE following statements are typical under the heading of good and bad effects of service:

"The army has taught me to appreciate civilian life."

"Better health; gained twenty-five pounds. Have learned to pass the buck and never expect to carry the blame for anything so long as anyone else is in the same country. Learned restraint before disagreeable superiors, but perhaps the benefit is neutralized by blowing off steam when the superiors are away."

"The army taught me the value of my vote."

"I consider that the mixing of different classes of people in the army helps them to understand each other better than could be possible otherwise."

"No harm whatsoever, except, perhaps, to increase my already worthy vocabulary of blasphemous exhortations."

"If a man has a tendency to think too highly of himself and to be too independent, he is bound to see that he must change his attitude in order to get along well with other men."

"I have become very hard-boiled."

"A man in the army does too many things by order. I wait too much for orders that don't come. In other words, the soldier does not use his mind enough and hasn't the chance. He loses his initiative."

"The army has not affected any part of my body except my feet, which are several sizes larger, but this is offset by the disappearance of several corns."

"The only harm that I can see was the loss of my girl."

The criticisms of the mess were directed chiefly against the lack of variety of the food and the manner of its preparation. One soldier wanted "the plumbers and blacksmiths taken out of the kitchen and cooks substituted." Another believed the men in the kitchen "should have sufficient intelligence to unharness the horses before they cooked them."

Criticisms of the uniform referred to fit, quantity and quality. The one constructive criticism embodied in the answer to nearly every questionnaire suggested the substitution of a roll or other loose fitting collar for the present uncomfortable one. The discomfort of the regulation collar on the march was emphasized.

**S**OME answers to the questions on discipline and the relation between officers and men follow:

"Discipline must be observed, for without it an army becomes a mob. Russian experience."

"Let the disciplinary relations between officers and men remain the same. But can't we have officers whom we can  
(Continued on page 34)



# Scenes of Yesterday



Painted by Wallace Morgan *Dressing station in a culvert under the road to Lucy, near Bois de Belleau.*





## The Whyfore of Universal Training

**O**PPONENTS of a new and progressive military policy have made the belated discovery that the average man who was in service during the war is not particularly enthusiastic over the army. They are heralding the fact that tens of thousands of men are bitterly opposed to anything resembling militarism. This state of mind, they conclude, indicates clearly that the great mass of the men who were in service oppose a progressive military policy and that, accordingly, The American Legion's advocacy of universal training does not truly represent the attitude of service men.

Let us analyze the deduction, accepting as fact the statement that the majority of men left the service with considerable dissatisfaction in their minds. Let us change the term "dissatisfaction" to "bitterness," for we believe that tens of thousands of men were actually bitter. Next let us accept it that where there was so much bitterness there was some good cause for it. Particularly so when much of that bitterness persists to this day.

Incidents of service necessarily caused that bitterness. Some men were disgusted by a long series of broken pledges. Some complained because they had been victims of multitudinous minor injustices committed in the name of discipline. Others were bitter because they had served in an atmosphere of arbitrary authority rather than true leadership. There was such a variety of reasons that manifestly no one specific reason covers a majority of cases. The only general reason that can be given is that the military policy of ante-bellum days had been small, hidebound and stifled. It was not elastic enough or progressive enough to meet a sudden expansion from a few scattered brigades to a multitude of great field armies. We simply whipped a great army together, let the niceties of organization and command follow the only course possible—short of politics—and it is not surprising that a lot of people got hurt in the shuffle.

**A**DMITTING the bitterest charges that the most bitter critic can make growing out of his hurts and observations; admitting, for the sake of argument, everything that has been said or can be said concerning the "militarism" of 1917-18-19, what is the natural deduction? What sane conclusion can be drawn other than that which The American Legion drew at Minneapolis—that we must have a new and progressive military policy? How else avoid the very shortcomings of the past? How else assure the country that if we are forced into war again the hardships of service and the horrors of war will not be needlessly multiplied? If we want a more democratic army, how are we going to get it unless we change the present system? If we want new conditions to serve under if there is another war, how are we going to get them if we hang to the old military policy which begot the very ills that are complained of?

Another specious argument that has been heard

even in Congress against the Legion's stand on universal training, has it that neither the men nor their relatives want it made possible for the youth of the country to be arbitrarily taken away for war. Certainly they do not. Nor does anyone else. But the fact remains that if the United States becomes involved in another great war, necessity will require that the country take such action or submit to defeat and disaster. In that event the country will again call every man it needs into service and will reach just as far as is necessary into the pockets of the others.

**S**O WHAT The American Legion wants is a military policy that will prevent us from being thrown into a turmoil of chaos and confusion if our national existence should again be thrown into the balance as it was in 1917. The Legion believes that such a policy will greatly lessen the possibility of war; and if war comes inevitably that it will lessen the hardships of service and the horrors of battle.

If Congress cannot now, in the light of the past three years, see and interpret these facts; if Congress is going to be misled by the whimperings of those who whimper without thinking, then the country is in sad need. Then if the country ever has to respond over night to the call to arms it will be the same sort of an army and run in the same sort of fashion as the one just disbanded. From which latter contingency may the Lord deliver us.

## Suppressing a Traitor

**W**HEN Victor Berger, traitor, undertook to make a public address at Providence, R. I., the other day he reckoned without those sentinels of decent Americanism who are standing vigil in every community in the country. The prompt challenge and the method in which Berger was turned away from the city are both typical of The American Legion and a credit to the Providence post which took action in the case.

In calling upon the local authorities to suppress Berger, the Executive Committee of the Providence post quoted Berger's rotten record of disloyalty. The post pointed to the fact that the Legion stands for all the constitutional rights of free speech and free assemblage. Its members having fought for personal and political liberty, they would deny nothing to anyone who might entertain opposite economic or political views, asking only that he advocate alleged reforms by lawful American means.

"But the presence of this smug traitor is an insult to our citizenship and an intolerable offense to our sense of fitness and justice," the Providence local post concluded. The authorities took the same view, and Berger didn't speak. There was a time when such enemies of the country went about the land unchallenged in their insults upon American citizenship. That was before the time of The American Legion.





Hitherto unpublished pictures of the war: Private Rivoli, of the Italian army, causes enormous casualties among the enemy with his terrible garlic bombs.



# Confessions of a Mess Sergeant

Showing That all Doughboys Sport Wicked Remarks on Slum, and  
that a Good Mess Sergeant Is Wholly Deaf

By JOHN J. O'BRIEN

THERE were thousands of men in the army who didn't know reveille from taps or retreat from quarters, but of the 3,000,000 who donned the tin lizzies there wasn't one so stone deaf that he couldn't distinguish the strains of the slum call, even under artillery fire. Man, how they knew that call! The o. d. asked a doughboy what his general orders were one day; the buck replied, "To walk my post in a military manner and be on the alert for the old mess cry."

Even the flies knew mess call. If the truth were revealed concerning those killed and wounded, "cause unknown," I wager it would be found that a large per cent of this class became casualties in an attempt to get the feed sack into action; or in a buck's own words, to hit the chow line early and make "seconds." The Yanks carried the original Indian warwhoop to France, this same whoop making the welkin ring every time the bugler started out, "ta-a tu ta la ta-a ta-a." A couple of doughboys getting out of a pup-tent with mess gear just after chow call were about as silent as a wooden-legged burglar on a tin roof.

You could dispatch a rook for the key to the colonel's tent or parade grounds, rubber pegs or ten yards of skirmish line and he'd come back hanging his head like Aphrodite at a divisional bath; but send a bird after a piece of the chow line and he would stick around the kitchen until he got his tins loaded and needed sideboards. In France a replacement came up for a bucket of steam so the boys could steam out the cooties. A greaseball started him for the supply company to get a mule from the stable sergeant to rush to headquarters and notify the master plumber that the steam bags were broken. The stable sergeant told him to scratch on the colonel's tent when he wanted to see the head plumber. He ended up at the canteen trying to borrow a pup-tent sky-hook for the colonel's orderly.

The only instance in my experience where the chow pilot put anything over on the line busters was in serving so-called coffee. When the coffee petered out, I would put water into the grounds and have mess late in the evening when color didn't show. This was known

around the kitchen as twilight java.

One of the greatest puddings we ever made we threw together in five minutes—it was just five minutes from inspection time and the dessert was on the menu, "must go," the captain said. I assembled the greaseballs and told them to break up punk as fast as they knew how. We put ten cans of milk into the boiler, which was one-half full of water, and hurled five pounds of raisins into the pot, five pounds of sugar, a handful of cinnamon, and let her boil. The "slum" total of this won us the everlasting gratitude of all concerned in its eating—until the next meal. The officers

liked the pudding so well that several grease destroyers were promoted to privates, first class.

I HAVE heard the h. c. of I. blamed on everything but the army. I hope Congress never calls on me to give my opinions in the matter. Having been a mess sergeant the truth has become second nature with me and I'd have to own up that the first ten men on the chow lines of France consumed daily enough to feed the starving Austrians for many moons. We had one guy, who, on a day of rest, would eat dinner and then lie down alongside the field kitchen and wait for the next chow call. We had some men who were slick enough

to qualify for the diplomatic service. When anything was especially good these birds would walk down the line and pass out the word, "get off the pudden today, it's rotten," or "lay low on the hash," thus guaranteeing seconds for themselves. Three or four could be depended upon to carry a double equipment of mess gear. After filling one with slum, they would cachet it and return with new paraphernalia, clean and dry, after which they would sit down and surround themselves with food and forget the war.

The sick in quarters patients seldom had anything wrong with their appetites. The other men were very solicitous in their behalf, too. We would always get four requests for chow for a sick friend, for every man the morning report showed in quarters. Another favorite trick was that of getting the chow on the deep half of the mess gear, retreating to a quiet place, dumping it on the plate half, and swinging again for firsts. A good fast eater had a big advantage over many of his comrades; he could get away with the feed, wash the gear and get back in plenty of time to catch the tail end of the line, thus disproving the platitude that all men are created equal. As fast and athletic eaters, the doughboy had it over the soldiers of other allied countries, while he was far and away the best man as regards quantity of chow stowed away. I'll bet many a family seeing a buck eat around the home circle at his return marvelled at his alertness with the knife.



A Very light went up and a greasy trench rat got up on his haunches to see if dawn was breaking.





*The stagnant cesspools of village gossip had nothing on a pail of H<sub>2</sub>O when four platoons had swished their slum equipment through it!*

Watching the boys poke the mess pans over the boards was always a trying time in a mess sergeant's life. All doughboys sport wicked remarks on slum. The best mess sergeants are wholly deaf. Criticisms directed at war risk, allotments and liberty bonds go to powers high up—the obscure gods at Washington; but a mess sarge bears the brunt of complaints on chow. It is now asserted on good authority that Sherman made his famous remark on war when he was gazing despondently into a dish of slum. When Napoleon said an army fought on its stomach he shifted the blame for worlds lost to the greaseballs. "First to fight" isn't a bad slogan, but not half so good as "first to eat."

**SLUM** was a great leveler. A buck always looks back with pleasure to the days when the orderlies were getting the officers' mess from the marmite cans. The doughboy would gaze with tearful eyes on the chow before him and then smile with consolation at the thought of his officers eating the same stuff. An honest buck will always tell his mother that army butter was a redeeming feature, especially butter brought up the line. No army butter was to be smeared at.

An army cook at thirty-eight smacks

a month is a personage of no small import. He must needs know about grams and calories, the decrease in food value under severe fire, the laws of Newton, especially as pertains to mess gear falling on his dome, and the principle of give and take. A longshoreman or a good hod-carrier always shook a mean steakknife. All cooks and their crew of first class privates had bum hoofs. That was the first requisite in getting into the kitchen.

Some K.P.'s are born to the job. You can spot them the moment they take a ladle in their hands. Something seems to tell you that there is a man who will never handle a rifle again. To others K.P. is a punishment, as it generally is supposed to be.

Cooks are temperamental, like grand opera singers and other artists. I used to make my cooks believe they were the best in the regiment—and kid them along that way. You could be hard-boiled with the K.P.'s and get away with it—you had to be sometimes—but seldom with the cooks. Of course, when a cook went too far you would have to change your tactics a little. I had a couple of cooks who had been after me a long time for "a little brandy for the pudding." Well, finally I got the brandy. I was under no delusion about having 2.75 dessert, so I took the precaution to

slip a few o.d. pills in the bottle. Those cooks were on the wagon for quite a spell after that.

Since the war ended all cooks have disappeared. Out of my large acquaintance of cooks, or men I took to be cooks, I cannot now find one who actually was a permanent cook in the service. The same with mess sergeants, I may say, privately. Of course we can camouflage, without actually lying. We can say we were sergeants, not mentioning what kind of sergeants. But nobody ever saw a letter addressed to Cook John Doe—or to Mess Sergeant John O'Brien, for that matter. In fact the only reason I ever mention the fact I was a mess sergeant at all is because before I got my chevrons I was a cook. I wouldn't have a certain young lady know that for a ten thousand dollar insurance policy, and outside of us buddies in the American Legion I want it kept ab-so-lutely on the q. t.

**I** HAVE often wondered why a cook is armed with a rifle. A mess sergeant has a pistol, and sometimes he needs it for self-protection. You know what I mean. But a cook never needs a rifle. A cook can speak with authority on five point nines, for a kitchen in the lines is about the most unhealthy spot in the

(Continued on page 34)



# Inspection

The bugles, boy, are barkin' at the roarin' rosey dawn.  
You're movin' out of Slumber Town to places more forlorn.  
Oh tumble out there, soldier! and make your downy bed.  
Fold your blankets lengthwise and lay them at the head.  
Set your kit out on your bunk, some idiotic way;  
You've got to stand Inspection in the mud and slime today.

Ow! inspection in the mornin' and inspection in the night.  
How clean a guy has got to be afore they lets him fight.  
You rub your dogs with daubin' 'til they got a shiny look.  
They march you through a pig pen and stand you in a brook.  
A shavetail looks you over. He says: "You're full of booze."  
You say: "I'd like to get some." Then says he: "Look at your shoes."  
Says you: "The mud and water, sir, has spoiled me lovely shine."  
He growls; then he passes to the next one in the line.  
That's inspection, boys, inspection, and it is the army way,  
So as shavetails find occasion to have their little say.

The bugles, boy, are barkin'. Do you hear the brazen horn?  
You're reportin' to the doctor, the same as you were born.  
Never mind the breezes, nor the chill of winter's blast,  
You're all right if you head the line. You'll freeze if you're the last.  
If the doctor finds a rash upon your brawny chest,  
Swear you've got the scabies, and you're good for two weeks' rest.

Ow! inspection in the evenin', inspection in the day.  
Pryin', peerin' officers, allus in the way.  
Try a bit o' bunk fatigue—to leave the world behind;  
To let the cares of soldiering fall from your tired mind.  
Just as you are passing to the elementary snore,  
Some idiotic sergeant bawls: "Attention!" through the door.  
Oh, curses on all sergeants and kindred breeds of sheep,  
Who nose around inspectin' when privates want to sleep.  
Ow! here's a groan for home sweet home—a dinky, downy bed.  
Soldier never gets a rest until he's stretched out dead.

—WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS.



## “ . . . Refused to Wear the Uniform ”

### Turning the Light on a Few Conscientious Objectors and Many Conscienceless Slackers

By WENDELL W. HANMER

TO many service and ex-service men the terms “conscientious objector” and “slacker” are synonymous. All who refused or evaded military service, from whatever motive, are indiscriminately dubbed slackers or conscientious objectors or both. And as the time still seems somewhat distant before those who served will open their arms in brotherly welcome to those who skulked, the “conscientious objector” seems to need explaining.

The conscientious objector who was in all sincerity what the term implied was numerically a minority, a decided minority, among the men who evaded bearing arms against the enemy. He is not to be confused with the slacker who discovered so many dependents of such peculiar abilities that he could best serve his country at home. Nor is he to be confused with the more discreet

slacker who came into the army without protest and then pestered his company commander, the top sergeant, his platoon leader and anyone else who would listen with requests for transfer to some bomb-proof branch of the service.

The simon pure conscientious objector was one who so strongly believed that the killing of one man by another was wrong, regardless of the provocation, that he could not consent to take up arms even in defense of his country. There were some such men, and it is far easier to overlook their shortcomings—though they were mistaken—than the men who sought safety at home and in the army by sneaking methods.

THE case of the honest, conscientious objector has been complicated by

men who have put on his clothes to cover the broad yellow streaks down their backs. Several hundred thousand men, possibly several million, went to war not because they enjoyed death and filth and cooties and high explosive, but because they believed that fighting the enemy was the only way to end the war. It will be hard to convince such men that conscientious objectors were always conscientious. Which is the reason that the action of the Secretary of War last January in remitting the unexpired terms of the 113 so-called conscientious objectors confined at Leavenworth, caused a storm of protest throughout the United States and from the American troops in France who were pawing gravel with their hobnails in impatience to get home and be discharged from the service. When it became known that the prisoners had received pay and allowances for the



periods of their confinement, no doughboy expressed a desire to tender the Secretary a vote of thanks.

It has been duly announced that the order extending clemency to those 115 prisoners did not contemplate payment of pay and allowances for the period of their confinement. That they were so paid, it was said, was due to misinterpretation of the orders by the local judge advocate but it is still difficult to persuade many who read the announcement that the judge advocate was not made the goat on a sacrificial pyre to appease the storm protests.

The form of discharge granted the prisoners, those who were in France read in the despatches, was honorable. Where upon, the honorable discharge fell far below par in A. E. F. estimation. The fact is that they were not granted honorable, but "blue ticket," discharges, which are neither honorable nor dishonorable. However, they bear this indorsement: "This is a conscientious objector who has done no military duty whatsoever and who refused to wear the uniform."

Last March the Comptroller of the Treasury made the decision that the indorsed blue ticket discharges were not given under honorable conditions; therefore the holders of such were not entitled to the sixty dollars service bonus. Whether an application for the bonus from one of the 113 prompted the decision it was impossible to ascertain. Each of them, however, it seems was entitled to a certain peculiar bonus of five dollars. Under the then existing law every dishonorably discharged general prisoner was entitled to a bonus of five dollars and a suit of clothes not exceeding ten dollars in value.

To meet the high cost of living, which greets even the released prisoner at the prison door, on June 30, 1919, the bonus was increased to ten dollars and the value of the suit of clothes to fifteen. As every discharged convicted conscientious objector is allowed this gratuity, the stigma "dishonorable" is implied by his "blue ticket," though no promulgated regulations so define it.

Of the 113 prisoners released last January, 103 were classed as religious and four as non-religious conscientious objectors. The records fail to disclose the status of the other six.

There are still ninety so-called conscientious objectors among the general

prisoners in confinement. Seventy-nine are at the War Prison Barracks, Fort Douglas, Utah; two are in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth; one in the Fort Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks, and eight in Alcatraz, the military prison which rears its castle-like form above the waters of San Francisco Bay.

AMONG those still in confinement are many of considerable notoriety, at least one who formerly was conceded to be a man of some intelligence, and a few Reds. A perusal of the list of their names immediately strikes one with the fact that most of them are Russian, or of Russian extraction. The policy of The Adjutant General's Office is to give the prisoners as little individual publicity as

ing corps because he had exhausted his funds and was unable to continue his studies, and that his college was awarding diplomas to all senior law students who entered the service. Recently he informed a visitor at his place of confinement that no punishment the government has, or can impose, will ever approximate the self-loathing and mental anguish he has suffered since he admitted to himself that he is a coward.

IN contrast with this case is that of Sergeant Alvin York, of Tennessee. An officer of York's former regiment informed me that it was only by considerable diplomatic persuasion that the great doughboy hero was induced to suppress his religious objections to war and to bearing arms. The story of this genuinely religious conscientious objector is tersely told in the following citation for the Medal of Honor:

"Alvin C. York, corporal, Company G, 328th Infantry. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Chatel-Cherey, France, October 8, 1918. After his platoon had suffered heavy casualties and three other non-commissioned officers had become casualties Corporal York

assumed command. Fearlessly leading seven men, he charged, with great daring, a machine-gun nest which was pouring deadly and incessant fire upon his platoon. In this heroic feat the machine-gun nest was taken, together with four officers and 128 men and several guns."

Nor was York the only religious conscientious objector who served in the war. Of the total of 2,810,296 men inducted only 3,989 claimed exemption from any form of military service as conscientious objectors on religious or other grounds. This was despite the fact that 20,873 registrants had received noncombatant certificates on religious grounds from their local boards, and a large but unascertainable number of conscientious objectors had not received such certificates when inducted.

UPON arrival at camp all men who claimed to be conscientious objectors, whether they held noncombatant certificates or not, were examined and assigned to combatant or noncombatant organizations. Those who refused to

(Continued on page 32)

## Discharge from The United States Army.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That \*

THE UNITED STATES ARMY is hereby Discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of LETTER FROM A. G. O., DATED

THIS IS A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR WHO HAS DONE NO MILITARY DUTY WHATEVER, AND WHO REFUSED TO WEAR A UNIFORM.

Said was born

The conscientious objector was granted a "blue ticket" discharge, which is neither honorable nor dishonorable.

possible, fearing, perhaps, another barrage of anonymous appeals for their release. Former bombardments of this kind, when answered by letter, were productive mainly of returned communications bearing the postoffice stamp: Not known at this address.

The anonymous communication served its purpose in the conviction of several draft evaders who pleaded religious or other conscientious objections to war. But having served this purpose it is apparent that all they will accomplish in the future is a contribution to the paper shortage. The letter of a "one time lady friend," supplemented by a confession, caused the conviction of one would-be conscientious objector who is now in prison. The letter said that the draft evader "served three years in the Army before he got to be a Christian."

Another young man who is still in prison applied for entrance in one of the Reserve Officer's Training Corps while in his senior year in law school. He failed to qualify for the training camp. When drafted he claimed exemption as a conscientious objector. He has confessed that he applied for admission to the train-



# BURSTS and DUDS



The captain had ordered his men not to forage. That night he met a corporal coming in with a sheep over his his shoulder.

"Forget what I said this morning, Corporal?"

"Well—well, no, Captain, but no blained sheep can bite me and get away with it."

Dugan (watching an airplane flying overhead): "Casey, I would sure hate to be up there in that airplane," said Dugan.

"Sure," replied Casey, "an' I would hate to be up there and not be in an airplane."

One morning the mess sergeant found the two Greek cooks quarrelling. "You fellows are always having trouble," he said. "Stop this fighting and let's have a little harmony."

"See, that's what I say," answered one. "I say give 'em hominy, and this fellow say give 'em rice."

Homeward bound and two days out from Bordeaux, a couple of doughboys were leaning over the rail and watching the porpoises play around the bow of the ship.

"Gee," said one, "those fish must be lost. They sure are a long way from home."

Buck: "I have eaten many a better stew than this."

Mess Sergeant (enraged): "Not in this mess."

While a captain was giving his company the manual of arms a recruit dropped out of ranks with a disgusted look on his face.

"Get back in there, you!" shouted the officer.

"No, sir," answered the soldier sturdily. "Not till you make up your mind which shoulder you want us to keep our guns on."



The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

Recent winners were: Carl E. Skog, Clearbrook, Minn.; H. H. Young, Lurton, Ark.; Clarence S. Tarr, Cincinnati, Ohio Irene Stevens, Newport, R. I.; W. A. Fisher, Scappoose, Ore.; W. S. Alhey, Camden, N. J.; O. L. Owens, West Point, Va.; S. R. Foster, Alexis, Ill.; Joseph J. Cermak, Chicago, Ill.; Chester I. Frank, St. Louis, Mo.; Alexander Silber, Nashville, Tenn.; Chester A. Klink, Portland, Ore.; W. R. Watkins, Tampa, Fla.; S. E. Demarest, Jr., Bergenfield, N. J.; C. C. Moore, Menoher, N. D.; H. M. Trent, Decatur, Ill.; William J. Haney, Philadelphia, Pa.

Farmer's Son: "Pop, kin I go to the circus to-night?"

Farmer: "No. 'Taint been more'n a month since you went to the top of the hill to see the moon eclipse. 'Peers to me you're getting rather dissipated and reckless."



The transport had entered New York Harbor. On board

was one lone colored soldier among the homeward bound. As the ship passed the Statue of Liberty there was absolute silence, when suddenly the dusky doughboy broke the quiet by remarking: "Put your light down, Honey; I'se home."

"Well, how did they treat you in the A. E. F.?"

"Oh, not so bad."

"Did you miss your meals?"

"No, I can't say I missed any. Some of them were a day or two late, but I can't say I missed any."

Magistrate: "You have been convicted fourteen times on this same charge. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Vagrant: "No, your Honor. No man should be ashamed of his convictions."

When his friends asked him if he had had the flu while in France, a colored ex-buck replied: "You all suah bet ah had de flu. Ah looked in

dat casualty list every night to see mah name."

Everyman: "Here's five dollars; give me a cup of coffee and a piece of pie."

Waiter: "We don't serve half portions here."

First Private: "Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?"

Second Private: "Yes. Suppose you had 'em, and they chirped."

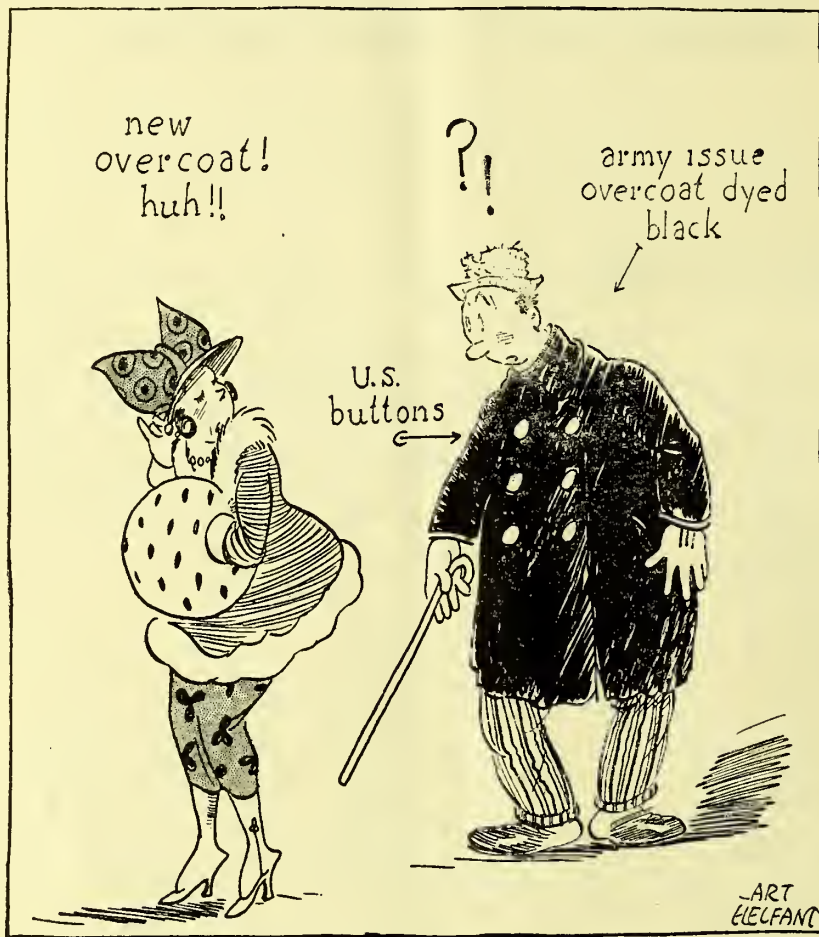


new overcoat! huh!!

?!

army issue overcoat dyed black

U.S. buttons



Former Q. M. Sergeant Dooley might have convinced Mabel that his coat was a new one, only he forgot to change the buttons.

A discharged colored soldier was relating some of his experiences, and he elaborated on the punishment he received for having gone A. W. O. L.

"Ah bet you don't go A. W. O. L. no moah," remarked one listener.

"Ahdoan' know 'bout dat A. W. O. L.," was the reply, "but dis boy sure ain' never goin' no A. E. F. no moah."

"Corporal, they tell me our old major is making five hundred a night."

"Is that so, Sergeant? Where is he working?"

"Up in the Arctics, where the nights are six months long."



## A Buck's Day of Bliss

*(The kind of a day you always dreamed of spending in the army—but never did)*

- 6.00 a. m.—Reveille—Sleeps through roll call. His buddy camouflages voice and answers for him.
- 6.45—Fatigue—Complains of not feeling well to sergeant in charge of quarters and is excused from company police.
- 7.00—Sick-call—Reports to regimental dispensary and by managing to look pale is excused from drill and assigned to light company fatigue. Is given two O. D. pills which he throws away.
- 7.30—Drill call—Lies on his cot and laughs at the poor boobs who have to drill in the hot sun.
- 8.00—Slips away from sergeant in charge of fatigue squad, and goes to Y. M. C. A. Writes a letter to his best girl on free stationery and bums a stamp to send it.
- 8.30—Goes to regimental canteen and gets a pack of cigarettes on credit.
- 9.00—Back in company street. Goes to his tent, lies down on cot and dreams of the time he will have when the war is over.
- 11.00—Recall—Company returns from drill. Listens in glee to his platoon sergeant being squawked by company commander for awkwardness in drilling the platoon.
- 11.30—Mail call—Receives large package of eats from home.
- 12.00—Mess call—Eats hastily and, by washing his mess kit, slips in line again and receives seconds.
- 1.15 p. m.—Drill call—Ditto 7.30.
- 1.45—Put to work cleaning incinerator with the rest of the fatigue squad. Sergeant in charge leaves, giving him an opportunity to stall on the job and let the other boys do it.
- 2.15—Manages to grab a shovel and look the most industrious of the bunch when sergeant returns. Is praised for the good work someone else has done, and excused from further detail.

2.30—Ditto 9.00 a. m.

- 3.00—Recall—Company returns from drill. His gun and equipment are cleaned for inspection by the corporal, who mistakes them for his own.
- 3.30—Pay call—The greatest joy of all. Paymaster forgets to deduct fine for lost equipment.
- 4.00—Shoots craps and doubles his pay.
- 5.00—Retreat and inspection—Name put down on special pass list for having cleanest gun and equipment in the company. Chuckles with delight at his corporal's discomfiture when squawked for having unclean ordnance.
- 5.30—Mess call—Goes to town and enriches proprietor of an eating house by stowing under his belt several orders of ham and.
- 7.30—Invests in ticket to a men's only burlesque show. Admires the chorus girl on the left end.
- 10.30—Goes back to camp in taxi.
- 10.45—Call to quarters—Puts sand in his buddy's bunk before turning in.
- 11.00—Taps—The End of a Perfect Day.

## Foreign Entanglements

While in France,  
Billeted in one of those  
Little villages,  
Tucked at one corner  
Of the earth,  
I thought one day,  
How fine if I but had  
A French girl for a wife.  
So I searched,  
And found a mademoiselle,  
Whose voice was as low as  
Sighing winds;  
Whose eyes were as distant fires  
In the night.  
In her parlor,  
I went down on my knees,  
Pouring into her ears  
The full current of my love  
For her.  
As the flood mounted,  
And grew more impassioned,  
She looked at me strangely,  
Then rising, said,  
"Oui," and left me.  
Ah, surely this is love,  
I thought,  
And paced restlessly,  
Awaiting her return.  
Presently the door opened  
And she came in.  
"Ma chérie," I cried,  
Opening my arms to clasp her  
Tenderly.  
She held out her hands to me,  
And in them she held—  
Four eggs!  
I shall never propose to  
A French girl again.  
Who knows? The next time  
She might think I was  
Asking for beer.

—CHARLES HOYT.

## Not on the Time Table

A gob on shore leave in New York met a girl who attracted him. In a way known only to sailors he soon had his arm around her as they sat on the park bench. But the policeman routed them out. They embraced on a street car, but the conductor objected. Near the Pennsylvania Station the gob saw a departing husband embrace his wife. He then led his lady fair into the station, and mingling with the Washington train crowd, they embraced long and lingeringly. As that crowd thinned he found a train for Chicago and repeated. Once more they found a train—this time for Boston—and the embracing became a habit. A colored station porter had taken it all in. He tapped the gob on the shoulder and said:

"Boss, if you-all wants to go down stahs, they's a train fo' Long Island every ten minutes."

## He Wanted a Good Home

After a meeting of one of the Legion posts two members were discussing matrimonial affairs. "Do you know, Buddy," said one, "I came near being married not so long ago."

"Yeh?"

"After I proposed and had been accepted," said the first ex-buck, "she asked me if she would have as good a home after we were married as she had then. 'I don't see why not,' I said. 'You don't expect to move, do you?'"

"As a result, I am still a bachelor."



Then he had her number.



# "A Fine, Upstanding Lot of Men"

The Morality Inspector Carries a Message from the A. E. F.

By HUGH G. GRINSTEAD

I HAD been in Bordeaux sixteen months and I probably would be there yet if it hadn't been for the tonsillitis. The Medical Corps decided they wouldn't cut the soldiers up any more than they could help, over there, and so they sent me home for an operation from which I refused to convalesce until my military past had been amputated at the ears.

Charley Roberts was the sergeant of my section, and me—well, there were more men of my grade than any other rank in the army. Blame Charley for this story, for he picked on me when Motor Transport Headquarters called for a chauffeur to drive for the Committee on Investigation headed by Prof. Adolphus P. Archer. By this time you probably know I was in the M. T. C. and that whether I drove six miles or sixty in a day I had to wash the car before I turned in at night.

Professor Archer reminded me of a Sunday school superintendent back in Kirbyville. He'd weigh in at about ninety-five, had sandy hair, and wore a mustache that looked like a brunette tooth brush. The professor and his fellows were investigating the morals of American soldiers in Europe—representing the S. P. C. A., or something like that. Prof. Archer had a couple of side-kicks. One looked like the prohibition candidate for governor. The other one had a funny habit of raising his right foot about six inches off the floor and his elbow about chest high every time he came to parade rest. His prohibition experiences must have been of very recent date.

I GOT my orders to report at the Hotel de France at nine o'clock in the morning, where I would find a lieutenant who was to act as guide and scout for the outfit. When I drove up, the whole bunch was out on the sidewalk, studying the architecture of the Opera House across the street and a couple of demoiselles who were sitting on the stone balustrade which runs around the porch. I jumps out and passes the louie a snappy salute and reports. The professor horns in and adjusting his specs pipes off:

"My, my, what a well put-up young man. Such a clear, steady eye."

I suppose I rouged up a bit at this, but what could I do with the louie there struggling to suppress a grin? So I just says, "Yessir."

"Young man," continues the professor, "do you drink?"

"It's a little early in the day," says I, "but of course, starting out on a trip this way—"

"I mean," repeats the prof, "do you indulge in the use of harmful alcoholic beverages?"

"No sir," says I, thinking of the night the armistice was signed when we pushed three Frenchies off the top of a taxi right down in the Allee de Torny. Surely nothing harmful in that. Just a little fun.

"Excuse me, professor," butts in the gold brick, "but we are due at Bassens Camp at 9.30. I would suggest we start without delay."

That louie must have been an enlisted man once, himself. Well, we beat it to Bassens, where the American docks were. We passed the place where they unloaded all that coal and by the time we had got to Lormont the professor didn't resemble our Sunday school superintendent anymore so much as he did the pastor of the First A. M. E. Church.

JUST before we reached the docks we ran into a traffic jam, in the middle of which an M. P. and a truck driver were cussing one another something beautiful. A big negro stevedore, lugging an awful hangover down the street, glanced into the back of my car and turned into the nearest cafe. With his coal dust makeup on he probably mistook the professor for the local minister back home.

"Did you notice the haggard, strained expression on that colored man's face," remarked the professor, anxious to divert our minds from the colloquy between the M. P. and the truck driver. "He's probably been working all night on the docks in an effort to speed the return of our boys home."

The professor was just getting used to the shocks of army life about the camp when it came time for us to go back. We went around to tell the colonel good-bye.

"Well, sergeant, says the prof, "this is a fine camp, and it is a fine, manly lot of soldier boys you have. I want you to please tell them all for me that I only regret I did not get to meet each one personally."

Brother, I came through a Regular Army recruit camp; while driving for a colonel once I hit a team of mules and broke the colonel's collar bone against the front seat; I was doing a guard at night on the boat coming over when the officer of the day caught a man with a cigarette

—but I never really knew what cussing was until that colonel opened up. It was crimson. We had to shade our eyes from the glare. I saluted three times before I crawled under the wheel and started her off in high. The professor didn't have a word to say all the way in.

That night Prof. Archer spoke at the hut at Camp Genicart. Genicart is where a bird went through the mill the last time before starting home. You get fumigated, deloused, perfumed, bathed, shaved, hair cut and get new clothes. Victory hut held about 4,000 people, and every seat was jammed that night. A musical show must have been advertised. When the professor came out a sort of buzz went over the audience. I guess they thought he was a character in the show. But he just clears his throat, and commences to tell them what a fine upstanding lot of men they are, and about the light of battle which is still in their eyes. At which remark a hard-boiled mule skinner rises and puts the question: "When do we go home?"

WHEN the noise died down it developed that the professor couldn't answer, but he was sure it would be right soon.

"And boys," said he, "your mothers, wives and sweethearts believe in you. They believe you are coming back clean."

I guess the professor didn't know about the mill, so probably he didn't understand the reception that remark got. But he went on and assured us that we would elect the next President and drive demon rum from our land of liberty. The ideals we fought for in France, said he, must be preserved at home.

"And men," he asked, "what will be the first thing you do after you set foot on American soil?"

Now that was what speakers call, I believe, a rhetorical question. The professor intended to answer it himself. But about a hundred powerful-lunged doughboys saved him the trouble.

"WE'RE GONNA EAT!"

The meeting didn't last much longer after that. Going back to town that night the professor and his two side-kicks were framing their report. I could just catch a few words now and then:

"Fine up-standing young men." . . .

"big brothers to the French." . . .

"only a little beer and light wines"

. . . "early hours" . . . "spare time

in the Y. M. C. A. . . ."



The evolution of the top.



# The Buck's Trials in Song

Sergeant Irving Berlin Has Also Written the Words and Music of One of His Great Triumphs

By RUSSEL M. CROUSE

REVEILLE wasn't reverie, nor yet revelry, with any of us who wore the uniform. It was the big sore spot of the service. Not that many of the "five million" were, before entering war togs, idlers who slept until noon each day. But 5 or 6 o'clock is even earlier than most delivery companies wake their horses.

All of us thought it, many of us said it, but Sergeant Irving Berlin wrote it and set it to music and everybody sang it. Here's the way it ran:

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,  
Oh, how I'd like to remain in bed.  
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call,  
'You've got to get up, you've got to get up,  
You've got to get up this morning.'  
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler  
Some day they're going to find him dead.  
I'll amputate his reveille  
And step upon it heavily  
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

It was all so perfectly natural, so perfectly human that it will live forever with any man who ever slept in an army bunk or a navy hammock.

It is this ability to set the natural and human things to lyric and note that has made Irving Berlin a widely known composer of popular music.

His first praises were sung along with his first song hit, "My Wife's Gone to the Country," as far back as 1909. Since then there has hardly been a time when people weren't whistling or singing a Berlin melody, principally because Berlin chose some little every-day incident of life and set it to lilting syncopated notes that just fit the whistle or the vocal chords.

Berlin was born in Russia thirty-one years ago but came to America when he was four years old. He grew up in New York, going to school and selling papers. Then he got a job as a waiter and when the customers at his table weren't panning the panned oysters or roasting the roast chicken he would take a cabaret turn in the restaurant and sing a song.

SINGING the songs of others gave him a few ideas of his own in the melody line and he began to jot them down from time to time. Occasionally they would sound good to song publishers and the songs were put on the market, but Berlin's name didn't "arrive" until 1909 when he turned out "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

Almost immediately afterward followed "Alexander's Ragtime Band," perhaps Berlin's biggest success. It established him firmly and then came a

series of hits that arrived with the rapidity of machine-gun fire. Some of them were syncopated tunes that started dancing feet twitching. Others were more serious, of the "When I Lost You" and



Irving Berlin

"When I Leave the World Behind" type.

But they all told a human story in a human way and Irving Berlin grew famous by letting people sing to themselves the things they lived every day.

When the war came along it found Irving Berlin a sergeant in the 152d Depot Brigade and stationed at Camp Upton. And he found just as many things to write songs about in the army as in civil life. When the Upton soldiers decided to stage a show, as most military outfits did at some time or another during their service, Irving Berlin wrote the words and music. He turned out the whole score in ten days. Among the songs was "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." And another service sore spot was touched upon in another song, the chorus of which ran:

"Poor little me, I'm a K. P.,  
I scrub the mess hall upon bended knee;  
Against my wishes I wash the dishes,  
To make this wide world safe for Democracy."

The show itself, "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," was a tremendous success.

"I got my biggest inspiration and did my best work while in the army," Berlin says. But that doesn't mean he is particularly anxious for anyone to start another war. He got out soon after the armistice was signed while he was engaged in the work of selecting music to be bought for the government for use among the troops in France. The A. E. F. had requested that \$50,000 be spent for the purpose and the work of selection was put in Berlin's hands by the government.

Now he's a member of The American Legion and the fact that he was in the service is his biggest pride.

Berlin is a slight, dark-haired "youngster," at thirty-one. His high-tension life has put into him a nervousness that gives one the impression he is so full of music he cannot keep still.

Now he's at the head of his own company, which has been launched since he left the army. When he isn't busy counting royalties or directing a staff of men and women who are seeing that the musically inclined public gets a chance to set the songs he has written to their whistles and their voices, he is writing new ones.

He also takes a fling at the stage occasionally, singing or playing his own melodies. His voice is a pleasing tenor, but it isn't so much the way he sings that makes him a drawing card at vaudeville houses when he finds time to play an engagement as it is the desire of people to see the man who has written what

they have sung.

And he hasn't lost that human touch. One of his latest bits of popularity is just the story of an experience for which every man who ever wore a uniform, khaki or blue, has longed. The camps were full of men who muttered and threatened dire things against their commanding officers the day civilian clothes replaced uniforms. So Irving Berlin wrote:

Johnny Jones was a first class private  
In the army last year;  
Now he's back to business in his father's place.  
Saturday night I saw him with a smiling face;  
When I asked why he felt so happy  
Johnny chuckled with glee.  
He winked his eye, and made this reply,  
"Something wonderful has happened to me.

"I've got the guy who used to be my captain  
Working for me.  
He wanted to work so I made him a clerk  
In my father's factory;  
And by and by I'm going to have him wrapped in  
Work up to his brow;  
When I come into the office he gets up on his feet  
Stands at attention and gives me his seat.  
Who was it said revenge is sweet?  
I've got my captain working for me now."

Irving Berlin may have a good many captains working for him now that he has started his own music publishing company. Once more he has been able to write from his own experiences in such a way that people can sing to themselves the things they have lived every day. In common with most of us who have done our shift of K.P. and our tour of guard duty, Irving Berlin says he is glad he was in the army. Those who have sung his songs, written during the last two or three years, aren't sorry about it either, for he wasn't a captain—just a sergeant.



# BULLETIN BOARD

HAVING taken the cue from their American comrades in arms, the French officer and poilu have organized "Les Camarades de Combat," which now extends the hand of fellowship to its elder brother, The American Legion. Such an affiliation was discussed by Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the Legion, with Marshal Joffre soon after the initial meeting of the Legionnaires in Paris, but at that time there was no French organization of veterans of the war with Germany.

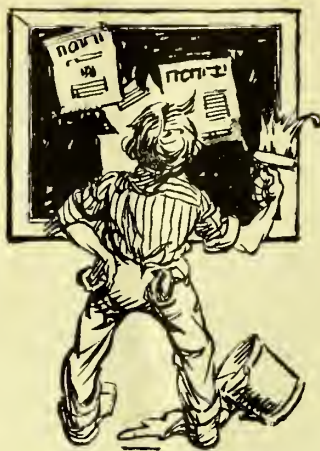
Marshal Foch was expected to be the envoy of "Les Camarades" to The American Legion, writes F. C. Senechal, acting president of the French organization, in a letter received at national headquarters, but the marshal's visit is indefinitely postponed.

"It seems to me that your association and ours might come into close touch, whatever decision might be taken by Marshal Foch about his journey," writes M. Senechal. "We might get affiliated; that is to say we would extend the privilege of our members to those of your members who happened to be in France, and you would reciprocate in the United States. For any big national ceremony we could cooperate, and could also work in common agreement on any big interallied question."

Because of "a most urgent need throughout the United States for prompt action relative to the treatment of tuberculosis patients," the service division of The American Legion has recommended to the United States Public Health Service the reopening of the base hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison, near Indianapolis, as a sanitarium for former service men suffering from tuberculosis. This hospital, which was evacuated last September, has a capacity of 800 beds. The American Legion was recently requested by the Public Health Service to aid in the location of sanatoria for the treatment of former service men.

If there is anything wrong with the Wadsworth Army Reorganization bill it will come to light February 9, when representatives from every department of The American Legion will dissect its several provisions at Indianapolis. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs had the advice of the Legion's committee on military policy in framing the measure, which includes the general recommendations made at Minneapolis last winter. As it is now desired to have the Legion's judgment on the completed bill, every department commander has been asked to have a representative at the conference in Indianapolis February 9.

If there is anything in a name, Leviathan Post No. 12, of Waterville, Wash., ought to be a big organization. A subscription of five dollars from each member and liberal aid by citizens have enabled the post to fit up thoroughly modern club rooms.



Enactment of legislation to suppress disloyal organizations and to expedite the deportation of disloyal aliens is urged in a petition from Harper Post, Harper, Kans., read into the record of the United States Senate.

With the exception of forms used for obtaining military records, no request should be made of any applicant for membership in the Legion concerning his rank while in service, says a bulletin from national headquarters. Forms now in use which contain such questions should be discontinued.

Service men who survived the war and those who did not live to be mustered out are to have a part in the memorial building which Roxbury Post No. 44, of Roxbury, Mass., proposes to erect. The record of every man from that vicinity who died in the service will be perpetuated in the building, and the rooms will be used by the post for its meetings.

Three hundred copies of a "history of Company A, Twenty-third Engineers," are now being bound in Chicago for members of that command. Copies may be obtained from Peter McGinnitty, 508 South Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago; Dennis Bergin, 4521 Union Avenue, Chicago; Robert M. Stack, 400 North Franklin Street, Chicago; John Bjorkman, 1523 South Fifty-sixth Court, Cicero, Ill.; or Maynard M. Small, State Highway Department, Dixon, Ill.

What do you know about pendiculosis? The bug experts in the bureau of entomology of the Department of Agriculture are seeking information about this five-syllabled affliction, which the A. E. F. veteran knows by the shorter term of "cooties." A report of the bureau says that if lice-borne diseases should get a foothold in this country their appearance in epidemic form is not impossible.

Mendon Post No. 41, of Mendon, Utah, rounded up every former service man in or near that town and got him into the organization, winning a \$50 prize offered by the state executive committee.

The sun never sets on the American Legion.

A group of American veterans in Shanghai, China, are now converting their "service club" into a post of the Legion that will have jurisdiction over the entire republic, while in Tokio, across the Yellow Sea, a post is to be organized among Americans living in the Flowery Kingdom. Charles Burnett, American military attache at Tokio, has asked that copies of the constitution and by-laws of the American legion be sent him, as there are a number of his fellow-countrymen there who served in the late war. The organization of the Shanghai post is being directed by Arthur P. Bassett, military attache at Pekin, who served for a time with the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry.

Memorial Arch, erected in New York City in honor of the homecoming soldiers, has passed into history, but Army Ordnance Post No. 9, New York City, has obtained the "Chateau Thierry" panel of the big structure for its club room. The panel is the gift of J. H. Myers, a member of the post, who purchased it when the arch was being demolished. This arch had no small historic value, for beneath it four complete divisions marched in review, and President Wilson, General Pershing, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Prince of Wales rode between its classic pillars.

Edward Cantor, of the *Chicago Tribune* Bureau, has been elected commander of the American Legion Post in London, Eng. Most of the post members, numbering about 500, formerly belonged to a club organized by Americans who had been demobilized abroad, but which is now succeeded by the post.

"Ma" Sheppard, the Salvation Army worker who endeared herself to thousands of Americans who saw service in the Toul sector, was recently a guest of John Coleman Prince Post No. 8, at New London, Conn.

Disapproval of the action of Representative Sherwood, of Ohio, in voting to seat Victor Berger as a member of that body, has been voiced in a resolution adopted by Freedom Post No. 183, of Toledo. The member's action was characterized as "disloyal."

Charles F. Hammond, Jr., Post No. 78, Dorchester, Mass., in the recent state wide membership drive obtained six times the number of members it was called on by the state department to enroll.

American Legion posts have been organized in Alaska, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Mexico, the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii.

Kansas Posts are trying to get the state legislature to repeal the law which prevents exhibition boxing bouts in that state.



W. Paul Hyman Post No. 188, Iowa Falls, Ia., moves that the posts of that state maintain an agent at the state capital to look after legislation of special interest to men who have served with the colors.

Clyde, Ohio, has elected a member of Orrin G. Franks Post No. 22 of that city to the office of city marshal. Not every vet can be an "M. P." in his own home town.

Major Gen. John A. LeJeune, U.S. M.C., veteran commander of the Second Division,\* was recently the guest of Herbert J. Remondet Post No. 4, at Natchez, Miss. The general was accompanied by Mrs. LeJeune.

"The Duck on Leave," a military comedy written and produced overseas by members of the A. I. F., is to be resurrected by the American Legion post in Sharon, Pa., the home of Pat Barnes, author of the play. An effort is being made to get as many of the original members as possible for the revival of the play.

Six voices answer "Here" when "Comrade Adams" is paged in Davidson County Post No. 6, Nashville, Tenn., six brothers served as junior officers in the war being members of that organization.

Robert Tyndall, by unanimous vote of the national executive committee of The American Legion, has been elected treasurer of the order to replace Gaspar G. Bacon, who was unable to serve.

Practical Americanization work is being done by Frederick and Irving S. Clair Post No. 37, Philadelphia, Pa., which has begun a systematic campaign of education among the foreign population of that city.

So many ideas have developed in Congress as to what should be done for the former service man, that Senator Robinson of Kansas has proposed the appointment of a special joint committee to keep tab on proposed legislation of that nature. Some 1,300 measures relating to insurance compensation, back pay, bonuses, homesteading privileges, home buying

schemes, proposed loans and many other matters of interest to those who served with the colors, have been introduced in the present Congress and referred to various committees. The average is almost three bills per member for both houses. Senator Robinson would have three men from the House and three from the Senate appointed to sift the wheat from the chaff in all such legislation.

Historical Post No. 64, of Chicago, has

No one may impugn the Americanism of the Upper Michigan peninsula without getting a rise out of Bessemer Post No. 27, which at its last meeting adopted a resolution denying in unmistakable terms that the patriotism of that section was other than normal. The action followed a recent statement by a Legionnaire accusing the peninsula of harboring "alien slackers."

Having an unusual number of former

members of the Medical Corps in its membership, Harold Kunow Post, of Rochester, N. Y., has classified the abilities of its personnel and has filed the list with the city health officer so that they may be called out in case of an epidemic or other emergency. The number includes twenty-nine physicians, four dentists, two male nurses, thirteen drivers and many other experienced workers.

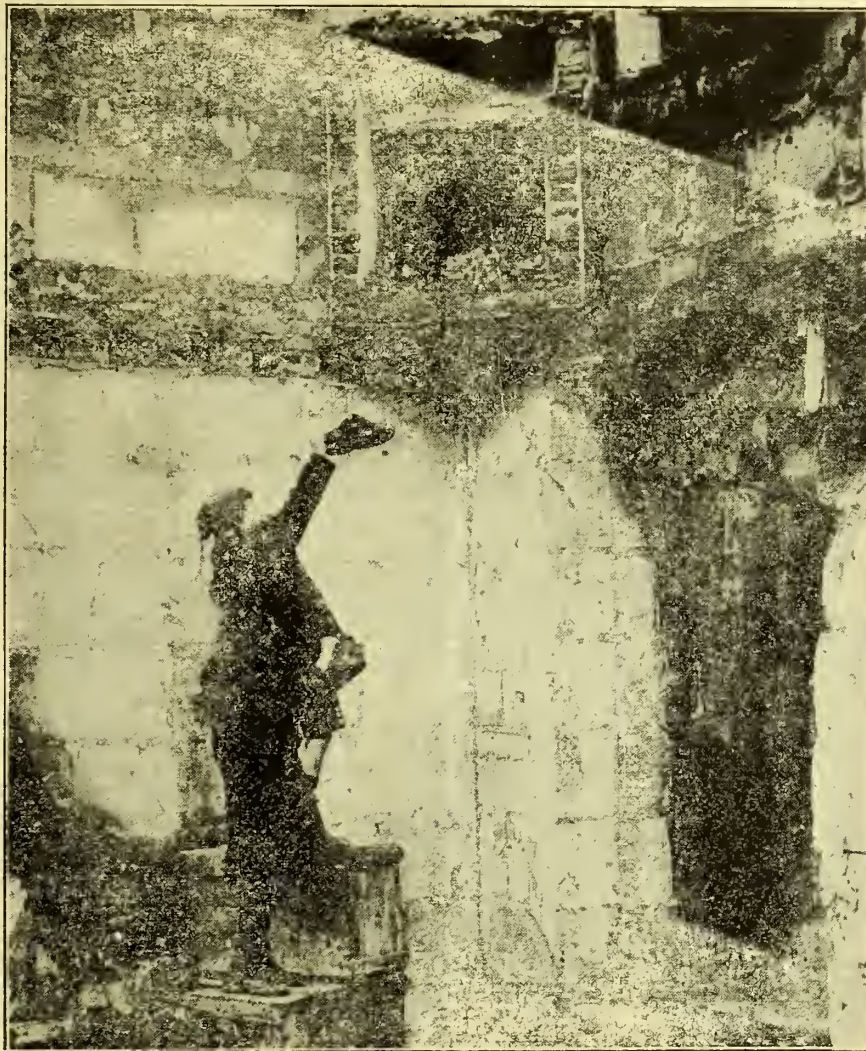
Any discrimination between men who served in the forces overseas and those who remained in the service in this country is opposed in a resolution adopted by Lieut. Harold Ainsworth Post No. 427, of Swarthmore, Pa.

C. F. Borden, registrar of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., addresses the following notice to former members of the A. E. F. through the columns of the WEEKLY: "I am anxious to obtain some German war souvenirs, particularly officers' dress helmets in prime condition. If any soldier who has a surplus will kindly communicate with the undersigned, who had a son in the A. E. F., he will be thankful and will gladly pay the price for such souvenirs."

Paris Post No. 1 has opened with a charter membership of fifteen, and has established headquarters at 81 Avenue Victor Hugo. Herman H. Harjes is post commander.

Kingston Posts Own Number, a four-page weekly, broke into print January 9, being fathered by the Kingston (N. Y.) Post of The American Legion.

(Continued on page 22)



*There were few O. D. Santa Clauses in France this season, but the French children weren't discouraged, even though there wasn't much left of the fireplace in the old home.*

an auxiliary organization of twelve women, all of whom lost sons in the service. They are known as "Mothers of the Post" and have been most active in its interest. Post Commander E. E. Wood is a veteran of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the war with Germany.

As a result of unfounded rumors that Quentin Roosevelt Post No. 3, Ely, Nev., had been discriminating against men who belonged to labor unions, the post has recently gotten out a number of large posters making its position clear on this issue. The announcement says in part: "We are not in any way antagonistic to organized labor, as more than fifty per cent of our members hold cards in labor organizations which are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor."



# Citizenship for Alien Veterans

**M**ORE than 25,000 naturalized ex-service men have not yet become American citizens. These men, more than one-sixth of all the aliens in the army who took out naturalization papers, are not citizens because they have not yet received their citizenship papers. Their certificates are ready, however, to be mailed to them by the Bureau of Naturalization, Washington, D. C. The bureau merely requires the prospective citizen to make an application for the papers, giving name, address and approximate date and place of naturalization.

Some 150,000 aliens in the army were naturalized at various camps before the period of demobilization. None of these men were given their citizenship papers at that time for fear that they might be lost by the holder while in the service. Instructions were issued to the effect that the certificates would be furnished the applicants on filing the written statement referred to above, after discharge from the service. Either through misunderstanding or for some other reason many former soldiers have not yet made this formal application.

There are also a large number of aliens

who fought during the war who have not taken the advantage of the naturalization laws, either while in the service or since their discharge. Ignorance of the procedure to be followed is considered responsible for this state of affairs in most cases. In order to clear up any misunderstanding concerning the matter of citizenship, specific instructions will be given to each alien ex-service man upon personal or written application to the Chief Naturalization Examiner at any of the following cities: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle and St. Louis.

**T**HE naturalization of the ex-service man is a simplified procedure. Often it is accomplished in a single day. If the prospective citizen lives in any of the foregoing cities he should call at the Naturalization Bureau with his discharge certificate and two persons who will vouch for his identity. The rest will quickly be done for him. He is not required to take out first papers, to pay a naturalization fee and to wait ninety days after applying for his second papers before

being called for examination before a board that determines his fitness for citizenship; neither does he have to furnish a certificate of arrival in this country, as do the aliens who have not seen service. The alien ex-service man who lives in a county seat may apply to the county clerk instead of writing to a Chief Naturalization Examiner if he prefers to do so.

When the alien who did not see service desires to become an American citizen he first fills out an application for first papers, which is given him at the Naturalization Bureau. He pays a fee of one dollar, and receives his first papers. These he must retain two years before he can apply for second or final papers. If he arrived in the United States after 1906, when he applies for final papers he furnishes a certificate of arrival, based on immigration records. He pays a fee of four dollars, and a day is named for him to appear for a hearing to determine whether he is worthy of citizenship. If found worthy he is usually issued his final papers some ninety days later. Not until he receives his final papers or certificate of citizenship does any alien become a citizen of the United States.

## Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 21)

**The organization of an American Legion Post at Tampico, Mexico, is causing a furore in Mexican cabinet circles. Luis Cabrera, chief of the cabinet, threatens the expulsion from Mexico of more than two hundred Americans at Tampico because they have organized a post of the Legion. As an afterthought Cabrera directed the mayor of Tampico to investigate the matter and inform him if it were true that "Americans had dared to organize a military league in Mexico." It is not explained just how Cabrera intends to raise enough force in Mexico to expel two hundred live Legion members in the event he should decide to go ahead with the ridiculous threat.**

Two hundred Americans visiting the graves of relatives and friends who died while serving with the A. E. F. called during December at the office of the Red Cross bureau in Paris which is giving its services in collaboration with the graves' registration service. The Red Cross has undertaken the establishment of an omnibus line to remote cemeteries. Sleeping accommodations have been provided at Romagne, where the largest American cemetery is situated.

With a view towards assisting state departments of the Legion to attain some measure of uniformity of organization, the National Headquarters has sent to each department a suggestion covering the proper division of Legion work. In view of the fact that the Legion constitution provides for the creation of such department offices as may be necessary in

the various localities, the tendency was away from uniformity and efficiency, according to the bulletin. In order to correct this tendency it is suggested that each state department elect the following officers: chaplain, historian, finance officer, employment officer, publicity officer, war risk officer or director of service division, committee on post activities and welfare work, committee on legislation and committee on Americanism. Departments which have not chosen these officers and committees are urged by the national commander to do so as soon as possible and those which have additional or different officers are requested to notify National Headquarters to that effect, in order that the entire roll of state departments may benefit from the experience.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has received a report from the Sub-Committee on Army Reorganization embodying a proposed bill to create for the first time in the history of the United States a real national military policy. It is significant that in practically every detail this bill incorporates ideas urged before the Senate committee by the special committee on military policy of The American Legion. In addition to providing for universal military training for a period of four months, the measure contains the following general provisions: a proper garrison for overseas territories; a small but efficient home force available for minor military emergencies; a training establishment, including a sufficient number of trained personnel to conduct the annual training; a citizen army, in-

cluding the organized reserves subject to military service only in an emergency declared by Congress, and the National Guard of the United States. The size of the standing army proposed is 280,000 men and 18,000 officers. This is an increase of approximately 50,000 men and 6,000 officers over the maximum strength authorized under the National Defense Act which will again be in force after the end of the emergency.

The interallied high commission has assumed "supreme representation of the allied governments in the occupied territories" by proclamation. In taking this step in fulfillment of the terms of the peace treaty which was ratified by the Allies, excluding the United States, the preceding day, the commission asked the cooperation of the German officials and populace. It guaranteed the German people in the occupied area justice and liberty, expressing the hope that there would be no cause for friction.

Funds for the construction of an American Legion building have been raised at Milton, Pa., a town of 10,000 population. The local post at that place, Wallace W. Fetzner Post No. 71, will occupy the building. Plans for the structure provide a modern building to be attractively equipped for use by the Legion post. More than \$4,000 is now available for the construction work of the building.

Dewey Howlett Post, Ashtabula, Ohio, urges Congress to take vigorous action in deporting obnoxious anarchists.



# Find Your Buddy

This department is open to readers who wish to get in touch with buddies.  
Address: Editor, "Find Your Buddy." Photographs cannot be returned.

**KENNETH F. LEICHTY**, suffering from effects of his long service in France, left for his home in Sioux City, Iowa., on October 12, 1919, after visiting in Oklahoma. He never reached home. It is feared his mind became unbalanced and he is wandering aroundsomewhere. Anyone knowing anything of his whereabouts



**Kenneth F. Leichty**

please write his wife, Mrs. K. Leichty, 812 Douglas St., Sioux City, Iowa.

**COMPANY I, 31ST INF.**—Henry Walters has not been heard from for two years. His regiment went to Siberia, but it is not known whether he accompanied it. His parents have received no notification of his death. Anyone knowing anything about this man please write to L. Hugo Keller, Adjutant, Oney Johnson Post, Appleton, Wis.

**ALBERT LEE JENNINGS**, former wagoner, Batt. F, 342d F. A., write "Find Your Buddy" editor for your original discharge certificate.

**FORMER MEMBERS H. Q. Co., 38th Inf.**, especially Bernard Duffy and M. P. Bradgen, 30th Inf.; Frenchy, 5th Signal Bat.; and Werner, Welch and Simpson, Cas. Co. No. 4424, write to J. H. Williams, 44 Haddon St., Bridgeport, Conn.

**165TH INF.**—Corp. Patrick J. Dolan was with this outfit when it was the 69th Inf., on the border and also in the A. E. F., reported killed at St. Mihiel about September 17. Anyone knowing anything about his last days or his personal affairs please write F. E. Schofield, Adj., Post 6, Mass. State Branch American Legion, Lynn, Mass.

**COMPANY I, 6th INF.**—Anyone having information as to the death of Pvt. James E. Warren, reported wounded in action November 10 and died November 11, 1918, please write his sister, Mrs. Mrs. J. C. Hicks, R. No. 3, Bristol, Tenn.



**James E. Warren**

write William A. McIntyre, Box 180, Greenwich, Conn.

**COMPANY D, 106TH INF.**—Corp. Clarence J. Wilson, reported killed in action, September 27, 1918. Anyone who knew him

**PVT. GEORGE C. MACDONALD**, of the 11th Eng., wants to hear from Sergt. Carl F. Kahn, Co. E, 165th Inf., and Sergt. Lain Dobbs, Co. B, 26th Inf. Address Argonne Hotel, 155 W. 47th St., New York City.

**COMPANY K, 26TH INF.**—Will officers or men of this company, particularly Pvt Samuel Wallace, write information concerning the death of Pvt. Raymond K. Wilson, who was killed in France on October 5, 1918, to Wilson's sister, Mrs. Cecilia W. Voorhees, Deans, N. J., Box 38

**COMPANY G, 325TH INF.**—Ralph E. Humm was killed or died October 15, 1918. Any information concerning his death will be gratefully received by his mother, Mrs. Ella Humm, 109 W. Second St., Indiana, Indiana Co., Pa

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 9TH INF.**, or patients who may have put in time at Evacuation Hospital No. 49, 3d Army, and who knew something of the last weeks of the life of Ellis J. Harbach communicate with Carl Ketelson, Oatman, Ariz.

**U. S. S. "INDIANA."**—Any member of the crew who knows of the whereabouts of Arthur H. Montgomery, rated as boiler-maker, please communicate with William D. Leitheiser, Finance Dept., Aberdeen Proving Ground, Aberdeen, Md.

**C. VAN DEUSEN.**—Members of the 142d Inf. want information as to the whereabouts of this man, who took pictures of the regiment at Le Mans, France.

**MISSING IN U. S.**—John Simpson was discharged from the 12th Cav., at Columbus, N. M., on February 28, 1919, and has not been seen since. Anyone having information concerning him write S. and M. Simpson, 137 Conant St., Elizabeth, N. J

**COMPANY C, 26TH INF.**—Lieut. E. H. Cummings was reported missing October 8, 1918. Any information as to his whereabouts or as to his fate will be greatly appreciated by his brother, Andy Cummings, Butler, Mo.

**AIR SERVICE, Issoudoun, France.**—If the lieutenant to whom Lieut. Eugene C. Rowley, Jr., handed his flying helmet one day prior to taking a flight at Issoudoun will return the helmet to 1127 17th St., Washington, D. C., the favor will be much appreciated.

**SUBMARINE CHASER 166.**—S. F. MacLean would like to hear from some of his old shipmates. Address 1449 Eastern Ave., Malden, Mass.

**COMPANY C, 26TH ENG.**—Pvt. Samuel Besner died February 1, 1919, of pneumonia, and was buried near Bordeaux, in Carbon Blanc, France. Will his buddies please write his sister, Mrs. E. Weitzman, 210 E. 14th St., St. Paul, Minn.?

**49TH COMPANY, 5TH MARINES.**—Corp Claude M. Dey was reported killed in action on June 16, 1918. Conflicting reports lead his family to think he may still be alive. Any information about him will be welcomed by his sister, Miss Dimple Dey, Route 4, Youngstown, Ohio.



**Claude M. Dey**

**PRESIDENT'S GUARD COMPANY No. 2.**—Pvt. Chester G. Wright would like to hear from his buddies, especially Pvt. Henry Wright. Address Y. M. C. A. 127 Hudson St., Hoboken, N. J.

**TROOP E, 2ND CAV.**—Information wanted as to whereabouts of Allen Niver. Address Lillian Lennon, 235 Fayette St., Lowell, Mass.

**MISSING IN U. S.**—Albert M. Hersman was with the Ambulance Corps of the 89th Div. and was in the A. O. O., returning home in May or June. He received his discharge in Kansas, where he visited relatives before going to his home in West Virginia. After appearing nervous one night, he went away and took the train and has not been heard from since. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts write A. M. Hersman, House of Delegates, Charleston, W. Va.

**JAMES G. DAHLIN**, Co. K, 30th Inf., please write to K. V. Blunkall, 837 Main St., Chico, Cal.

**COMPANY C, 9TH INF.**—Members of this company knowing circumstances of the death of Carl F. Bamert please communicate with Anna Bamert, Las Cruces, N. M.

**COMPANY F, 363D INF.**—Anyone having information concerning the death of Pvt. Joseph B. Hennig write Ben Hennig, 1726 James Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minn.

**DENTAL CORPS, A. E. F.**—Capt. Conrad E. Mortensen was reported missing in France, August 12, 1919. His last address was Bastide Infirmary, Base Sect. 2, A. P. O. 705. Will anyone who has seen or heard of him since July, 1919, communicate with Mrs. C. E. Mortensen, Farmington, Utah.



**COMPANY D, 39TH INF.**—Will anyone who knows how Corp. Alex D. Weinberg met his death on September 28, 1918, write Maurice Lepavsky, 629 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 24)



# Seized Millions Await Disposition

**B**OOTY worth \$440,000,000 which was taken from the enemy by the home forces operating in the United States during the war is now lying around in a state of animated suspense, while the custodian of enemy alien property waits on Congress to tell him what shall be done with it. When we entered the war, Congress empowered the President to seize, and, when advisable, sell the American holdings of enemy nationals, the continued ownership of which in the hands of unfriendly persons would have hampered our efforts in the war.

This was done. The possessions in the United States of the 35,430 enemy aliens who were arrested and delivered to the War Department for internment likewise were confiscated. Some of these aliens had fared well. Life in America had been a profitable enterprise. The holdings of the lot totaled more than \$5,868,000.

And now that the government has it, the question intrudes itself: What is it going to do with it? It can do nothing at present, except take good care of it, and it costs the tax-payers something to take good care of a \$440,000,000 estate and its earnings.

While legally in possession of this property, the Executive has no legal right to dispose of it or the proceeds which have been derived from any of the sales,

until Congress enacts a law providing for such disposition. It is within the power of Congress to return these holdings to the enemy, or make any other disposition within the realm of speculation. Most likely, however, the legislators will turn the money into the Treasury. It will defray the running expenses of the government for a couple of months.

**W**HATEVER Congress decides to do, Germany and the relic of the old Austro-Hungarian empire must abide by its decision. The peace treaty provides that they shall accept any settlement the United States sees fit to make and shall attempt to reimburse their nationals for losses incurred.

The work of the Alien Property Custodian has unshackled several industries from threatened if not actual domination by enemy influence, particularly German. The seizure of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd steamship line interests was a step toward restoring the *Stars and Stripes* to the position they once enjoyed on the seas. The seizure and sale of hundreds of dye patents and the effects of the German colossus of the dye trade, Bayer and Company, has virtually destroyed mastery of that industry. The disposal of the \$4,500,000 holdings of the Bosch Magneto Company

has freed our electrical industry from strong competition. The metal, chemical, pharmaceutical and textile industries have been freed from the tightening clutch of the German.

The government has proceeded carefully in selling enemy holdings. A definite policy was pursued, and only such property sold where a sale was necessary to avoid deterioration or destruction of a business, or to insure the continued production of articles required for carrying on the war. Sales were by auction, with a minimum bid specified. The President had power to reject all bids, which he did in the case of the A. W. Faber Pencil Company, which for years supplied so many of our school rooms.

**E**IGHTY-FIVE per cent of the seized enemy holdings were within the metropolitan district of New York. The largest single item is stocks and bonds, worth \$310,000,000. German investors had bought into virtually every large American corporation with stock on the market. The remainder of the holdings represent a little of everything under the sun—cash, real estate, live-stock claims, equities, mortgages, patents, notes—and show how thoroughly Germany had insinuated itself into the industrial fabric of the United States.

## Find Your Buddy

(Continued from page 23)

**MISSING IN FRANCE.**—Pvt. Charles L. Johnson enlisted in Co. M, 146th Inf.,



Charles L. Johnson

landed in France May 11, 1918, assigned to 1st M. G. Co., 1st Inf. Tr. Regt.; transferred July 24, 1918, to Co. A, 59th Eng.; transferred in August to Co. N, 19th Ry. Eng.; transferred November 25 to 109th Co., T. C. Eng., A. P. O. 708, stationed at Nevers. Last heard from him on November 28, 1918. Please address information to Ernestine W. McClellan, 12 Sheridan Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

**MISSING IN U. S.**—Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of Emmett J. Meek, who has not been heard from since he left for Camp Lee in September, 1917, please write Isabelle Meek, 371 E. Ray St., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

**ALLEN L. GORBY**, who reenlisted in July in the 35th F. A., write your brother, Edwin G. Gorby, 742 5th Ave., New Kensington, Pa.

**H. Q. COMPANY, 102D INF.**—Leo J. Boehm wants to know something concerning the death of Pvt. William J. Boehm, who was killed in the Argonne, October 21. Please write 618 Vine St. Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

**U. S. N. AVIATION.**—William G. Fitzgerald, Henry J. Sweeney Post, American Legion, Manchester, N. H., wants to hear from Holmberg, who attended the Columbia University course in gas engines and who held the rank of chief machinist's mate. He also wants to hear from Dave Helmer or Helmar, and Cummings from Muncie, Ind.

**RELATIVES** of Sergt. James McCartney, of Pennsylvania and John Millard, of Maryland, who have not learned the cause of the deaths of these men can receive information by corresponding with P. F. Ott, 542 Broad St., Emaus, Pa.

**106TH SANITARY TRAIN, Camp Wheeler, GA.** Information is sought as to whereabouts of J. T. Griffiths. Address Shirley Dalzell, Paris, Ky.

**MISSING IN FRANCE.**—Edgar B. Harrison, Co. K, 316th Inf., has been missing since the early days of October, 1918. Anyone who knows of his fate will confer a favor by writing to Mr. S. D. Harrison, 128 Vine St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

**WILLIAM J. LAUER** sailed for France on the *Lucia Luckenbach* in November, 1917; not known what branch of the service he was in. Anyone knowing anything of his whereabouts write his father, William J. Lauer, 642 Reed Ave., Moneesen, Pa.

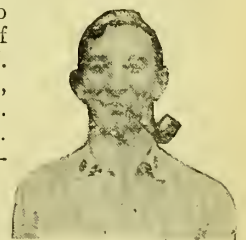
**COMPANY C, 4TH INF.**—Pvt. Martin M.

Weiss has been missing since October 21, 1918, when he was taken to a hospital. Any information concerning him will be appreciated by Maurice Lepavsky, 629 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

**COMPANY L, 102D INF.**—Corp. Steve Tortello was reported missing in action on October 25, 1918, and later died of wounds. Anyone having information concerning him write his mother, Mrs. John Tortello, Ernest, Indiana Co., Pa.

**MISSING IN U. S.**—Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of George O. Wood, who left his home in Indianapolis after receiving his discharge from the army, write Mrs. George O. Wood, 1555 Shelby St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**U.S.A.T. "KILPATRICK,"** plying between New York and Panama.—Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of Pvt. Henry W. W. Thompson, write William C. Thompson, 145 S. Main St., Middleboro, Mass.



Henry W. Thompson

**PHILADELPHIA BUDDIES.**—A. D. McGrath wants to hear from N. B. Metzger and Wilson Hampton, both of Philadelphia. Address 3105 E. 4th St., Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued on page 28)



# EMPLOYMENT REGISTER

## Physicians Wanted

The Medical Corps, United States Army, has vacancies for 730 physicians, all to be commissioned in the grade of first lieutenant. Examinations of all eligible applicants will be held on March 15 next throughout the United States and its possessions, including the Panama Canal Zone, as well as France, Germany and Siberia.

All applicants must be citizens between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-two years. Hitherto it has been required that an applicant shall have served at least a year as interne in some post-graduate hospitals, but this condition is waived for those who have served satisfactorily as commissioned officers for at least one year during the war.

Applications for examination in this country must be addressed to the Surgeon General of the Army, Washington, D. C. They must contain the following data: Name in full; date and place of birth; permanent address; medical schools from which graduated, with dates; professional experience; statement of military service for those who have been in the war; statement of any contract surgeon service; and documentary evidence of citizenship, if of alien birth.

## Industrial Training

The Mallory Hat Company, of New Haven, Conn., has been added to the list of firms giving industrial training. There is a shortage of both skilled and unskilled laborers in New Haven, and the Service and Information Branch's representative there reports that employers, especially hat manufacturers, have jobs open for a considerable number of applicants, either skilled or unskilled.

## Jobs Ready in Indiana

The American Legion has agreed to place any men applying to them for a job in Huntington, Ind. The Legion has also appointed a member to look after the disabled men, and he will work in conjunction with the Red Cross and the Public Health Service.

## Engineers at Large

There are good vacancies in various trades with the Engineer Department at Large (government service). Following is the list:

Albany, N. Y.: 42 Blacksmiths, \$100-\$110 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Carpenter, \$4.40 per day and subsistence; 2 Dredge Mates, \$85-\$110 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Gasoline Engineer, \$90 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Leverman, \$130 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Machinist, \$4.80-\$5 per day; 1 Oiler, \$77 per mo. and subsistence; 2 Shipkeepers, \$83-\$90 per mo. and subsistence; 3 Surveyors, \$90 per mo. and subsistence. Duluth, Minn.—1 Carpenter (ship), \$6 per day. New York, N. Y.—2 Carpenters, \$4.62-\$5 per day; 4 Enginemen, \$105 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Inspector, \$75-\$125 per mo.; 1 Leadman, \$95 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Mate, \$125-\$135 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Painter, \$4 per day; 4 Steam Engineers, \$125-\$135 per mo. and subsistence; 3 Surveyors, \$95 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Watchman, \$90 per mo. and subsistence.

Rock Island, Ill.—A Lockman, \$80 per mo. and subsistence; 2 Patrolmen, \$65 per mo. and subsistence. St. Louis, Mo.—4 Enginemen, \$85-\$125 per mo. and

The information concerning opportunities for men formerly in service which will appear from time to time in this department, is furnished by special arrangement with the Service and Information Branch, War Plans Division of the War Department. Assurance is given by that department that every statement will be checked as to its accuracy before being submitted for publication.

In all cases where the employment in which you are interested is at a considerable distance, it is suggested that you take the matter up first by mail with the employer or firm concerned.

substance; 2 Inspectors, \$180-\$250 per mo.; 1 Ironworker (Helper), \$4 per day; 2 Master of Dredge, \$150 per mo. and subsistence; 3 Shipkeepers, \$65-\$75 per mo. and subsistence; 1 Steam Engineer, \$112-\$125 per mo. and subsistence; 2 Surveyors, \$75 per mo. and subsistence.

For full information applicants should call on the representative of the Civil Service Commission at the post office in their home town, or write direct to the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

## Employment Sharks

Through the activity of the Service and Information Branch's representative in Troy, N. Y. an agent who had opened up a fee-charging bureau without a license has been arrested. This man was accused by former soldiers of misrepresenting jobs at Bristol, Conn. He charged the men a fee before registering them, and when they arrived at their destination, after defraying their own transportation, they found that the pay was much smaller than had been promised them. The American Legion Employment representative is now handling the soldiers' end of the case.

Members of the Legion are warned against such unlicensed employment agencies, and are advised to consult their local bureau for soldiers and sailors, where no fee is ever charged for placing ex-service men in jobs.

In San Francisco another concern charged service men their whole month's pay as a fee for landing a job, and then the men found themselves discharged at the end of the thirty days. In other words they worked a month for nothing.

## Navy Yards

There are new jobs at shipbuilding, painting, sheet-metal work, engineering and firing, and other miscellaneous callings, at pay ranging from \$3.28 a day for a helper to \$7.20 a day for loftsmen, at the Navy Yards at Charleston, S. C., Great Lakes, Ill., Key West, Fla., Philadelphia, Pa., and Puget Sound, Wash.

Applications for information should be mailed direct to the Recorder, Labor Board, United States Navy Yard, in the city where work is desired. Men should not report to the plant for employment until they are called. Those engaged to fill these jobs will be required to pay their railroad fare in reporting for work.

Laborers must pass a physical test given by the plant surgeon, for which no charge is made. All of the trades are rated on physical ability, with a weight of 40, and training and experience, with a weight of 60. Preference is always given to ex-

service men, who must include with the application their discharge certificate; or a photostat or certified copy of it; or an official record of service.

## W. Va. Government Jobs

Ex-service men with a trade as well as those who are laborers or apprentices, who wish to work at South Charleston, W. Va., will find all sorts of opportunities, and good wages with extra pay for overtime. Unskilled laborers must make application in person; they are paid at the rate of \$2.84 to \$3.68 a day.

Apprentices and helpers may present themselves in person, or forward their applications by mail. Along these lines, there are vacancies for apprentices at from \$2.88 to \$4.32 a day in the trades of blacksmith, electrician, loftsmen machinist, molder, pattern maker, pipe fitter, and tool maker; and general helpers at from \$3.28 to \$4.32 a day for blacksmiths, laboratory work, machinists, moulders, and woodworkers. Carbon packers, hammer runners, hod carriers, pitmen, and teamsters are also desired, at pay ranging from \$3.04 to \$5.12 a day.

There are all kinds of skilled jobs in some forty other trades, at pay ranging from \$3.60 to \$11.84 a day, and service men who are interested are urged to write for information, blank forms, medical certificate, and oath to the Labor Board United States Naval Ordnance Plant, South Charleston, W. Va. This board will furnish lists of trades and pay in each.

## Varied Opportunities

The names of the firms having the following opportunities are not disclosed, at their request. Applicants should address Lieutenant Colonel M. C. Smith, Room 1118, Service and Information Branch, Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C., giving qualifications for the position sought, and referring to the symbol number given below.

Private Secretary.—Creamery company operating in Ohio wants man between twenty-five and thirty who has executive ability. Must be an experienced stenographer. To act as private secretary to one of its officials. Reference, 1664.

Advertising Man.—Man with original ideas wanted to handle national publicity for New York concern manufacturing varnish. Must be energetic and ambitious. Moderate salary to start; real salary when man demonstrates he can fill the bill. Reference, 1649.

Instructor.—Electrical company located in New York state want man who is a graduate of a school of commerce in a recognized university, to teach employes regarding organization law, general financial and transportation problems, securing new business, diplomacy and routine of handling propositions and orders. Reference, 1665.

(Continued on page 30)



# Information

The Weekly will undertake to answer practical questions affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in order of receipt, but precedence may be given questions of wide public interest.

## Furlough to the Reserve

*To the Editor:* Will you kindly give me a little information in regard to men in the service who are serving reserve time. Under present conditions, how long can they be held?

J. L. BOYER.

Carlisle, Pa.

The War Department furnishes the following data covering its attitude on this subject:

"Owing to the depleted state of the army, it is the present policy of the War Department to limit all furloughs to the Regular Army Reserve to two classes:

"(a) Men coming under the provisions of Circular No. 16, War Department, 1919, who have completed period of active service, to wit: Four years for such as enlisted prior to November 1, 1916, and three years for those who enlisted on or subsequent to November 1, 1916, and prior to April 1, 1917.

"(b) Those who have not completed their period of active service as defined in (a) above, who may be furloughed to the reserve only under the provisions of Section 29, Act of Congress, approved June 3, 1916, which provides that when by reason of death or disability of a member of the family of an enlisted man occurring after his enlistment, members of his family become dependent upon him for support, he may, in the discretion of the Secretary of War, be discharged from the service of the United States or be furloughed to the Regular Army Reserve, upon due proof being made of such condition.

"Men, whose status with respect to dependent relatives brings them within the provisions for dependency quoted above, may submit their applications for furlough to the reserve direct to their commanding officers, accompanied by the affidavits of witnesses in support of their claims.

"It is the intention of the War Department to furlough to the Regular Army Reserve by March 31, 1920, enlisted men who have since May 1, 1917, completed the period of active service prescribed to make them eligible for such furlough."

## Payment of Term Insurance

*To the Editor:* Will you please advise me whether men who are now carrying insurance as taken in service are affected by the Sweet Bill or must convert their policies to have the insurance payable in lump sum?

Syracuse, N. Y.

F. K. WARD.

Term insurance is not payable in lump sum and policies must be converted to acquire this benefit.

## Subsistence Allowance

*To the Editor:* Am I entitled to subsistence money for thirty days' sick leave from the Navy, from September 24 to October 24, 1918?

Oakland, Maine.

L. F. GOODWIN.

By a recent decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury you are entitled to subsistence allowance while on sick leave from a hospital for a period of convalescence from illness. Your claim should be submitted to The Auditor, Navy Department, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

## Status of Reconstruction Aides

*To the Editor:* Are reconstruction aides permitted to wear the Victory ribbon?

ISABEL H. NOBLE.

Baltimore, Md.

Reconstruction aides are classified as civilian employes, and as such are not entitled to a Victory medal, or the Victory ribbon which is to be worn when the medal is not worn.

## 18th Infantry

*To the Editor:* What decoration was awarded the entire 18th Infantry, 1st Division, by the French, and where can this decoration be secured.

H. C. MAJOR.

Bartlesville, Mo.

The 18th Infantry was cited twice collectively for the Croix de Guerre in the Orders of the Army (French), and awarded the fourragere with colors (green and red) of the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre. This decoration probably can be secured through any Army and Navy Supply Store in your vicinity.

## 83d Division

*To the Editor:* Will you please tell how long the 83d Division was in France and what engagements they fought in?

P. G. DURAN.

Albany, N. M.

The 83d Division arrived in France between June 1 and 28, 1918. It was then skeletonized, being used as a depot division. It did not return to this country as a division, although Divisional Headquarters sailed from France, January 12, 1919, the rest of the elements of the division coming back between that date and June 30, 1919.

## Army Overcoats

*To the Editor:* To whom must one write to secure an overcoat? When discharged at Camp Sherman, Ohio, received an outfit but no overcoat.

J. M. SMITH.

Toledo, Ohio

Write to the supply officer of the nearest military post, station or camp, or to the nearest zone supply officer. You can obtain information as to which is the nearest of these officers from any recruiting station in your city.

## Fourth Division Association

*To the Editor:* Is there a veterans' organization of the 4th Division and, if so,

how can I get in touch with it? Can you give me any information regarding the history of the 4th Division?

B. ALAN HERSHEY.

Hastings, Neb.

The Association of the 4th Division is the veteran's organization of that old regular division. 1st Lieut. Whitfield P. Shepard, Fort Dodge, Iowa, is the assistant secretary and treasurer, and can furnish full information about this association and the history of the division.

## Buying of Discharge

*To the Editor:* Is there any way a soldier can at present buy his discharge from the army?

JAMES WATSON.

Louisville, Ky.

There is no way for a soldier to buy his discharge from the army now, but it is probable that, when peace is declared, orders will be promulgated authorizing this.

## Duplication of Victory Button

*To the Editor:* Please inform me whether I can obtain another silver button. I was issued one but while in the hospital had it stolen, and the recruiting station refuses to issue me another.

W. H. MELLOR.

Hoboken, N. J.

A ruling of the Adjutant General states that no duplicates of the Victory button, either silver or bronze, will be issued until everyone eligible has been supplied with an original.

## Dishonorable Discharge

*To the Editor:* Will you kindly inform the James C. Wade Post if there is any channel or agency through which a dishonorably discharged soldier may have his case reviewed with a view to correcting a possible miscarriage of justice?

R. E. GARRETT.

Athens, Ill.

Such a case should be taken up with the Clemency Board, Judge Advocate General's Office, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

## 53d Railway Engineers

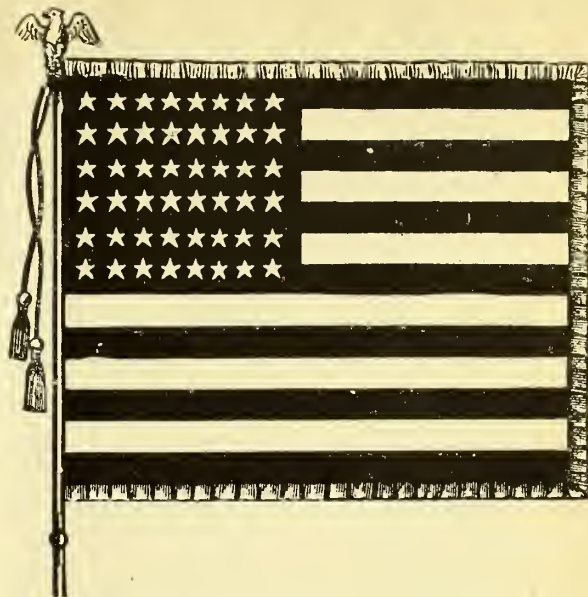
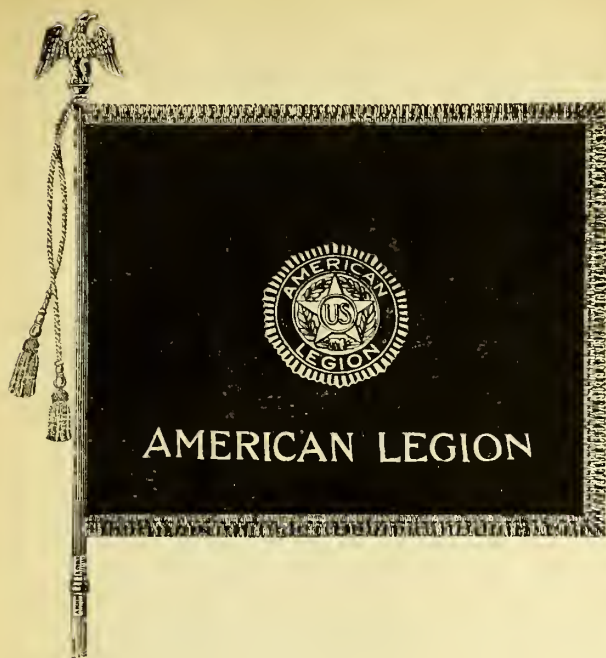
*To the Editor:* Will you please inform me what division the 53d Railway Engineers was attached to and on what sector they served?

St. Joseph, Mo.

JOSEPH LEWIS.

This organization was never assigned to any division. Company A, Company B and Company C became the 32d, 33d and 34th Companies, Transportation Corps, respectively. These organizations were Railway Operating Units and there is no record in the War Department of their having been engaged in active sectors.





# Official Banner of the American Legion

As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

DEPARTMENT BANNER—WHITE

POST BANNER—BLUE

National Headquarters has made arrangements for the manufacture of these Banners and Stands of Colors in large quantities, and is thus able to furnish them to Departments and Posts at very advantageous prices in addition to insuring uniformity of product.

We can furnish:

**DEPARTMENT AND POST BANNERS.**— $4\frac{1}{3}' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'$  made of best banner silk in two pieces, sewed back to back, with name of Department or Post placed thereon in pure gold leaf. Trimmed on three sides with  $2\frac{1}{2}''$  hand knotted yellow silk fringe, mounted on two-piece 9' polished ash pole with brass ferrule, double brass screw joint, surmounted with  $7\frac{1}{2}''$  spread solid brass eagle, ornamented with one pair of 8'' yellow silk tassels with about 9' of cord, complete, including oil cloth rain cover and russet leather belt (packed in strong wooden case for shipping), at a price of \$124, delivered.

**STAND OF COLORS.**—Comprising Post Flag as described above, and National Colors or United States Flag  $4\frac{1}{3}' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'$ , made of best banner silk with sewed stripes and silk embroidered stars, trimmed on three sides with  $2\frac{1}{2}''$  hand-knotted yellow silk bullion fringe, mounted upon a two-piece 9' polished ash pole with brass ferrule, double brass screw joint, surmounted with a solid brass eagle,  $7\frac{1}{2}''$  spread, ornamented with a pair of 8'' fancy skirt yellow silk tassels with about 9' of yellow silk cord, complete, including an oilcloth rain cover and russet leather belt (packed in strong wooden case for shipping), at a price of \$174.00, delivered.

Shipment can be made within two weeks after receipt of order. All orders should be accompanied by check or money order.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,

THE AMERICAN LEGION,

Emblem Division

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



## Have You Tried a "RELU?"

WHY, Bud, a RELU makes a sergeant love a private and if you didn't have a supply you were sure S. O. L. No K. P.—no detail—no guard—not even the drill field—why, they got by with "murder" and were marked up with the "Sons of Rest" for life. A RELU did it! A Bird of a CIGARETTE! A Comfortable Smoke; kin to an ICE-BERG. Absolutely the finest grade of tobaccos happily blended and put through the mill by a process that gets rid of the SAP. Sap in a cigarette turns your mouth into a HOT-BOX. Is your mouth a HOT-BOX? If so, YOU NEED A RELU—If not, try a pack anyway—GO TO IT!



**"A Bird of a Cigarette"**

UNION MADE

Twenty to a pack—20c. Ten packs to a carton—\$2.00

We will mail you either upon receipt of price.

**REED TOBACCO COMPANY**  
RICHMOND, VA.

## FIND YOUR BUDDY

(Continued from page 24)

COMPANY A, 23D INF.—Pvt. John M. DeVeau was reported killed in action, June 13, 1918. His sister, Miss Marion DeVeau, of 59 Franklin St., Stoneham, Mass., desires to know in what battle he fell and to hear from some of his buddies.

SERGT. WALTER C. SCHWER was reported wounded on September 26, 1918, and later reported dead, date not known. Anyone having any information regarding him please write American Legion Post, Blue Hill, Nebr.

COMPANY C., 253D INF.—Mrs. Emma E. Hadlick, of Blue Earth, Minn., would like to hear from anyone who has knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the death of her son, Pvt. Charles F. Hadlick, who was killed in action, October 24, 1918.

RALPH C. RANDOLPH recently recovered his barrack bag with some articles missing. In the bag was the name of Pvt. William C. Bryant, Co. B, 165th Inf. Articles missing have Randolph's name on them. Anyone having any information concerning this property write Ralph C. Randolph, Rockville, Ind.

HEADQUARTERS PRINTING COMPANY, Tours.—Jack Keep and George Short and Harry Elbers, R. R. and C Co. No. 8, write to Joseph Chapin, 1 Douglas St., South Boston, Mass.

PVT. CLAUDE JOHNSON, who was sick in hospital ward 19, Mineola, L. I., during month of October, 1918, write to W. R. Corriger, West High St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

LIEUT. HAROLD B. CUMMINS, formerly of 57th Guard Co., A. S. C., Bordeaux, France, write to Robert W. Hendel, Jr., Colchester, Ill.

MISSING: Private George Nelson, 31st Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force, Calgary, Alta., suffering from lapse of memory due to shell-shock. Address any information to Associate Director General, Dept. Civilian Relief, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES E. AUDINWOOD.—Anyone knowing his whereabouts write John J. Hager, Box 115, Dizney, Ky.

CAPTAIN ELMER HEARD, originally with 90th Division returned from A. E. F. with Company E, 56th Pioneer Infantry. Address desired by R. A. Johnson, 20 Sheridan St., Portland, Me.

COMPANY C, 2d ENG.—Glen V. Swan was killed in the Argonne, November 1, 1918. Some time later a soldier passing through Grinnell said he knew the man who was with Swan when he died. If this information can be furnished now, it will be welcomed by Edward B. Spencer, Grinnell College, Grinnell, Ia.

# 19 Jewel

## Adjusted

—To Positions  
—To Temperature  
—To Isochronism

# \$2.50

—A—  
Month

—16 Size Thin Model  
—25 Year Gold Case  
—Double Roller  
—Solid Gold Settings



## Send No Money!

Ask For It On Approval

You don't risk a cent. If you send your name and address now (postal will do), we will place this superb 19 Jewel in your own hands for free examination. You will then know that it is the kind of a watch you want—a real Watch of Railroad quality. Now is the time to own one at our Special low price and easy terms, and to prove all we say, we will send it on

## 30 Days Free Trial

You take absolutely no chances. Our Special Price is rock-bottom. We guarantee to refund your money if you can beat it for spot cash. Our 20 years experience and large volume of business enables us to make this remarkable offer to wage earners everywhere and throw in our easy terms for good measure. But this Special Offer will not last always. The price may go up. The factory guarantees it will not go down. So write today for our

**FREE** Catalog and full information on this Big Special Offer. Remember, we sell all kinds of Watches and Diamonds on easy payments but if you want this superb 19 Jewel at this month's bargain price, act now.

**HARRIS-GOAR CO.** Dept. 593  
KANSAS CITY, MO.  
We Do As We Advertise

## 5000 MILES

OF SERVICE AT 1/4 THE PRICE

Guaranteed for 5000 Miles

STANDARD GUARANTEE

Strong Double Tread Tires are reconstructed by our skilled mechanics, made of double the amount of fabric than any ordinary tire. Free from punctures or blow-outs. Our customers receive from 4,000 to 10,000 miles of service. Reliner Free. Order today at these low prices:

Size	Tires	Price	Size	Tires	Price
30x3	.....	\$5.50	34x4	.....	\$8.75
30x3 1/2	.....	6.00	34x4 1/2	.....	10.00
31x3 1/2	.....	6.75	36x4 1/2	.....	11.00
32x3 1/2	.....	7.00	36x4 1/2	.....	11.50
31x4	.....	8.00	36x5	.....	12.50
32x4	.....	8.25	36x5	.....	12.75
33x4	.....	8.50	37x5	.....	12.75

Send \$2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl, plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash-with-order discount.

## STRONG TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

3019 Michigan Ave., Dept. 104, Chicago, Ill.  
Reference Lincoln State Bank, Chicago

## FIRST DIVISION MEN

AND YOUR FAMILIES

Original First Division Pin

Approved by C. of S. Col. S. O. Fuqua. Enamel, 4 colors, finely made. \$1.00 postage prepaid.

H. C. NAIL (Formerly 1st Div.)

BRYN MAWR, PENN.



## EYES RIGHT here!

Quit kicking yourself for having come back without views of all the places in France you bunched in—the places you cursed and loved. Send us the name of the town or sector and we'll forward a set of forty different postcard views. We've gotten together views of every spot in France, and only the best views go into the sets. Sure! Pictures of all the vin rouge dumps from St. Nazaire to Coblenz, and that little cafe in Brest where you hoisted the last slug of three-star cognac.

Prices, by Parcel Post, C. O. D.

Forty different views of any town or sector you may name ..... \$1.00  
Twenty-five of France's most beautiful cathedrals ..... .75  
One hundred views of Paris ..... 2.50  
One thousand different views covering all France ..... 22.00

If you want anything special, sing out!

**VIEWS OF FRANCE COMPANY**  
298 Broadway New York City



## Learn Auto

and Tractor Business

Earn \$100 to \$400 a Month

Right in your own neighborhood. You need only let it be known that you are a **RAHE** Trained Motor Mechanic, and you will get into a good paying business at once.

## Learn in 6 to 8 Weeks

Daily practice on up-to-date Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors—The Greatest Training Equipment in America. Thousands of successful graduates—many from your own section. (No colored applications.)

**Free Now** Write today for 7-Day Trial Offer and 68-Page Illustrated Opportunity Book. State age and occupation.

**RAHE AUTO & TRACTOR SCHOOL**  
Dept. 2004 Kansas City, Mo.





COMPANY, L, 38TH INF.—Pvt. Harry S. Johnson was last heard from in September, 1918; he was reported missing by officers of his company after October 9, and the War Department telegraphed his family that he was killed in action, November 3. Anyone knowing anything about this case please write Mrs. Ellen Frestedt, 2207 10th St., Rockford, Ill.

109TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.—Corp. George M. Chilcott, write D. W. Fowler, Nevada, Iowa.

COMPANY E, 115TH AM. TRAIN.—Pvt. Eloy Maes, write Miss Antoinette Brichta, 347 E. 4th St., Tucson, Ariz.

COMPANY H, 357TH INF.—Pvt. Charles G. J. Kurncar, reported killed in action, October 25, 1918. Anyone knowing facts concerning his death write his father, George Kurncar, 1201 Stella St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

COMPANY G, 4TH INF.—Pvt. Everette H. Hubbard reported killed in action, July 14, 1918. Anyone who was with him write Walter Hubbard, 119 Evans Ave., DeKalb, Ill.

122D ENGINEERS.—Whereabouts of William J. Heath sought by Mrs. J. Evans, Hemlock, N. Y.

BASE HOSPITAL 48, near Nevers, France.—David Edmunds, Thomas Nally, Ernest Stone, John Meehan and Charles Barker write to Edward B. Noonan, 7 Gardner St., Exeter, N. H.

HAROLD ROBERTS, seaman, U. S. N., write S. R. Purdue, 1048 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

CAPT. HARRY COONEY, write William G. Lutz, 134 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa

101ST ORDNANCE DEPOT COMPANY and SUPPLY Co., 32D F. A., communicate with H. H. Chaddick, 519 Eastlawn Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THOMAS AGAN, Co. U, Prov. Ord. Tr. Det., Camp Dodge, Iowa., write Samuel A. Tierney, 88 Marshall St., Paterson, N. J.

LIEUT. RALPH D. OLDHAM, Supply Co., 138th Inf., write to Lieut. Ralph W. Oldham, 1628 E. 85th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Co. D, 106TH INF.—Frederick Grapes was reported killed in action September 27, 1918. Any information as to the verity of the report or the circumstances surrounding his death is requested by James Everett Rue, 1418 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. THOMAS AND CAPE LOOKOUT.—Martin J. Tanner, 3043 Landis St., would like to hear from former shipmates.

SERGEANT JAEGER, from September, 1918, to January, 1919, connected with First Regiment Infantry Replacement and Training Depot, Camp Grant, Ill. Address sought by Ferdinand W. Harris, Fort Valley, Experimental Station, Flatstaff, Ariz.

59TH INF.—Captain Graham, who commanded the 2d Battalion in October, 1918, and the following men from Co. M, write to James A. Lockhart, Wadesboro, N. C.: Captain Geist, Lieut. Huston, Sergt. Sisk, Sergt. Saal, Privates Henley, Louis Heinz, Joseph Heinz, Burging and Short.

EDWARD J. McNAMEE, Post No. 5, American Legion, Oakland, Cal., wants to hear from Paul D. Hein, F Company, 157th Infantry, and Preston Thompson, G Company, 128th Infantry.

ALBERT E. HOPKINS, 1012 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y., asks word of two buddies, Warren O'Brien and Frank Welch.

WALTER A. MAGERS entered the service from Bisbee, Ariz., and was gassed while with I Company, 30th Infantry. Returned to States with Casual Company 913. Lewis L. Collom, 2845 National Avenue, San Diego, Cal., has written him several letters, but has had no answer.

WILLIS B. KILPATRICK, sergeant, B Company, Seventh Ammunition Train, write H. M. J., Tappan, N. Y.

MICHAEL D. TURLEY, Company E, 108th Infantry, write Harry D. Hofrath, 281 Rutledge St., Brooklyn.

ROBERT L. HOOTON, A Company, 22d Infantry, sought by E. D. Cooper, 25 Plaza Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

SUPPLY COMPANY, 23RD INFANTRY.—Details of the death of Wagoner Clyde L. Gloyd, killed March 8, 1919, in Germany, desired by Kenneth G. Frank, Box 791, Ada, Okla.

MISSING IN U. S.—Patrick Canavan, wounded at Mount Blanc, October 6, 1918, while with medical detachment, 23d Infantry; last heard from at Base Hospital, Camp Devens, Mass. Address William M. Menge, 741 Livingston Street, Elizabeth, N. J. Same man also inquires for Sergeant Wells, A Company, 23d Infantry.

MISSING IN U. S.—Carl Edward Friedrich disappeared after his discharge from 362d Infantry. Thirty years old, brown eyes, dark brown hair, partly bald, fair complexion, 5 feet 6 inches tall. Father G. Friedrich will pay \$100 for information that will lead to location of his son.

MISSING IN U. S.—Benjamin Franklin Evans, discharged from 117th Infantry at Camp Upton, N. Y., write your next of kin, Mrs. Annie E. Bryson, 14 West 19th Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

MISSING IN FRANCE.—Sergeant Frank H. Guy, H Company, 116th Infantry, left Camp McClellan, Ala., in May, 1919, for France. Brother inquires. Address Osborne Guy, Bosy Industrial School, Covington, Va.

PVT. G. CLEMENS, write Charles Sakris, 215½ E. Adams St., Springfield, Mass.

# DRAFTING



## Learn at Home!

Employers everywhere are looking for skilled draftsmen. They are offering splendid salaries, and good positions are always open.

No line offers greater opportunity for advancement. Drafting itself not only commands good pay, but it is the first step toward success in Mechanical or Structural Engineering or Architecture.

There is an easy delightful way in which you can learn right at home in spare time. For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been giving men and women just the training they need for success in Drafting and more than 200 other subjects. Hundreds of thousands have stepped into good positions through I. C. S. help but never were opportunities so great as now.

Let the I. C. S. help you. Choose the work you like best in the coupon below, then mark and mail it today. This doesn't obligate you in the least and it will bring you information that may start you on a successful career. This is your chance. Don't let it slip by. Mark and mail this coupon now.

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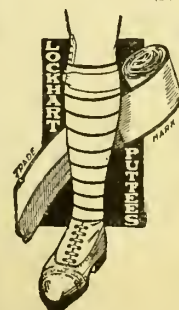
Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian  |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ 7-20-19  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## LOCKHART PUTTEES

(PATENTED)



SPIRALS ARE REGULATION!  
Note—Special Regulation No. 42 U. S. A.—The Army, National Guard, Training Camps, Military Schools, Officers Reserve Corps, American Legion Posts.  
The smartest and most practical leg covering ever worn by troops.  
The thing to wear when roughing it, all sports, any climate.  
"The Genuine Spiral Puttee"  
Made in U. S. A. of regulation O. D. wool. At Post Exchanges, Military and Sporting Equipment places or write for name nearest dealer.

Lockhart Spiral Service  
Leggings Inc.  
244 Broadway  
Brooklyn New York  
Mfrs. to Domestic and Foreign Governments, Military Schools and Organizations



**Wherein the Advertising Department, following the example set by the Editorial P. C., announces its platform on Clean Advertising.**  
**POLICIES---NOT POLITICS.**

Here's an extract from a letter from one of our readers that we want to quote:

"Am much interested in the Advertising Talks that are being published in 'Our Weekly.' They are opening a new vision to me of what advertising means.

"Go to it, Advertising Department, and put 'Our Weekly' over the top. We are all with you. But keep our advertising columns clean and high grade—don't take any cheap and fake advertising. We can't afford to have 'Our Weekly' carry anything but the best.

"Sincerely,

A. L."

About half the letters that we've had time to read so far from you have expressed similar sentiments.

Particularly those of the last paragraph—

"Carry only clean and high-grade advertising."

Right—absolutely and positively right.

The advertising columns of our Weekly are and should be as carefully guarded as our editorial and news departments.

They should be open wide to the honest advertiser and shut fast and tight to the dishonest one.

So here's our platform on advertising:

We will not accept—

1. Misleading or fraudulent advertising.
2. Advertising of "free" offers, unless the article or service is free; advertising making claims that are false, ambiguous, or exaggerated.
3. Advertising which guarantees large dividends or excessive profits.
4. Advertising that is offensive to moral standards or sentiments.
5. Objectionable medical advertising, of such a nature that it makes claims not in accordance with facts or experience.
6. Advertising of products which contain drugs of a habit-forming nature—dangerous to health.
7. Advertising which might cause money loss to our readers or loss of confidence in our advertising columns.

A pretty stiff set of General Orders, you say.

Right you are again—

And they are intentionally so—for your protection.

You'll be interested to know that we've refused thousands of dollars worth of advertising already that didn't measure up to these standards.

But it's the right policy.

And we mean to keep to it in the future.

We don't intend that any American Legion member, or reader of the Weekly, shall ever suffer any financial loss in dealing with our advertisers.

If you ever feel that you have any cause for complaint, write us. We'll see that you are satisfied.

Yours for clean advertising—first—last—and all the time.

ADVERTISING MANAGER,

1311 G Street N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

## EMPLOYMENT REGISTER

(Continued from page 28)

Commercial Traffic Man.—Nursery concern in Missouri wants man familiar with all branches of this work. Reference, 1668.

Editors, Reporters, Accountants and Clerks.—Wanted by large nursery and orchard company in Missouri. Editors and reporters should have had experience on farm journals. Reference, 1695.

Business Partner.—Young civil engineer, located in New York City, with considerable experience in building work, wants young man for partner who has an architect's state license; one with a practice preferred. Purpose to establish business, draw plans, supervise building work and to do private surveying. Must be willing to share equally in all work and earnings as well as business reverses. Reference, 1696.

Typist and Stenographer.—Opening for a service man who is a first class typist with knowledge of shorthand. The work consists of writing government vouchers, which require the utmost accuracy, various statements, letter writing, etc. Salary seventy dollars per month, with quarters and rations furnished and promotion subject to ability shown.

Instructor.—Well-known college in Maryland wants experienced instructor as head of Chemistry Department. Also Assistant Instructor in English Department. Reference, 1776.

Engineers.—Civil, Mechanical and Construction Engineers. Must be experienced. Wanted by one of the largest construction companies in the country. Reference, 1778.

Machinists.—Concern in San Francisco, Cal., wants experienced machinists who have served apprenticeships. Steady work guaranteed. Reference, 1762.

Exporters and Importers.—Wanted by large freight company located in New York. Would be required to live there. Limited number wanted. Men must have experience. Reference, 1777.

Civil Engineer, with road building experience. Wanted by nationally known firm. Must speak Spanish and willing to go to Cuba. Nominal salary to start. Reference, 1688.

Young men, with good education, who are willing to go into factory for practical training and who are capable of growing into more responsible positions. Firm manufacturing roofing material. Located in Illinois. Reference, 1689.

Efficiency Engineer and Production Engineer.—Wanted by bag and cotton mill located in Georgia. Reference, 1719.

Draftsmen.—A large railroad company desires the names, addresses, and qualifications of about 25 ex-service men who are draftsmen, and who have had experience with passenger and freight car work. The salaries offered are \$150 a month and upwards, depending on the ability and experience of the applicant.

The employment official of the company is an ex-officer, and it is his desire, if possible, to engage only men who have seen service in the army or navy. He has asked that applicants address their communications to Lieutenant James Harten, Room 72, Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C., who will handle the applications for him.



# The Eternal Frontier

(Continued from page 7)

"Why?" I asked, "will he lose faith in your business judgment?"

"Not that. I'm afraid he'd go shoot the salesman, and I don't want any killing in our family."

"Your brother never shot anybody!" Knowing his reputation as a Ranger she rather astonished me.

"Well, he has shot a Mexican now and then, but Lawrence has never killed anybody really."

I had overestimated the influence of education.

Captain Marcus of the Rangers is another fine old twentieth-century frontiersman. He went to the Valley forty years ago and has "grewed up with the country." Cow-puncher, ex-sheriff and merchant, Marcus drifted into the Rangers twenty-five years ago, found his niche and stuck. His rise from trooper to captain is a record of hard work and unflinching devotion to duty. Captain Marcus is the living embodiment of law and order; they follow in his wake as night follows day. In all those twenty five years there is no record of his having failed to get a man.

The captain is six feet two and every inch a Christian gentleman. We rode out to his camp one Sunday morning and found the troop saddling out. The captain shook hands cordially and suggested that we might like to go to church. Of course we would. As we rode along I expressed surprise at finding church-going Rangers; it wasn't exactly in character with what I'd read of them.

WELL, the old-timer admitted that it wasn't generally done. But, as he saw things, men whose business it was to maintain the law were better fitted to do their duty by regular attendance at church. And when his troop was within reach of a meeting house he always "took the boys over of a Sunday morning." Yes, some of the men used to object when he first had a troop, but that was a long time ago. He found that a little extra kitchen and picket line duty soon brought the objectors around, and now everyone understood that he "expected it of 'em" and things went along nicely. Captain Marcus was proud of his churchgoers and had good cause to be. In a week's visit with him I saw the outfit function in a smooth, quiet fashion that would do credit to a mounted organization of Regulars.

One evening after supper the talk turned to sidearms and methods of carrying them. It very soon developed that Captain Marcus had no use for holsters adjusted under one's left armpit. Personally I thought that an excellent place to pack a gun.

"Yes, a fine place to pack a gun but a terrible bad place to get at it, especially in close quarters. When they first came out I thought it just the thing, and bought one. Carried it about two weeks. There was a killing down at a little town on the river. A Mexican did it, and

I went down to get him. Found him in a saloon with his left elbow on the bar. When I got about three feet away he started to draw, and so did I. Now, with that holster I had to reach across my body for the gun, and just half-way up the greaser grabbed my wrist and shoved. Getting the gun was then impossible. It might have been a serious thing for me, but there was a big knife on my left hip—and we were close enough to make it useful.

Since then my gun has stayed on the right side low down where there's no doubt about its being handy."

It is handy, too, for the captain is entitled to twenty-one notches in his gun butt if he cared to keep a record that way. But, as I said before, he is a Christian gentleman.

Easterners become frontiersmen very quickly down there, which is an argument in favor of the environment idea.

WALTER BATES, for example. A New Englander bred in the lap of luxury and Puritanism, and educated at Brown. He went to the Valley in charge of some railroad construction for a New York syndicate and for a while things went along smoothly. By and by one Tony Something-or-Other came to work on the grade. Tony was a greaser, and bigger—hence meaner—than the average. At once trouble began and the work fell off. Every night or so there was a fight in camp with the result that next day several men would be laid up with knife wounds.

After some investigation Walter singled out Tony as the source of evil. Whereupon, being a man of Puritan antecedents, he gave the Mexican another chance, overlooking completely the man's origin.

"Hombre, if this fighting doesn't stop right now I'll stop it—savvey?"

"W'at you do, Boss?" There was the Mexican equivalent of a smile in Tony's wicked little eyes.

"I'll shoot you. Do you savvey?"

Next night there was a game in the bunk house and presently a fight. Walter rushed out, arriving in time to find Tony about to stick a knife in the man he had down. True to his promise the boss acted, and Tony was laid out-side under a blanket.

Then the eastern training asserted itself. He, Walter Bates, had killed a man! There was but one thing to do, he must give himself up and let the law take its course. Twelve miles to the sheriff, but late as it was Walter saddled up and went over.

He found the officer's house dark and quiet, but after much knocking a man appeared at an upper window.

"Well," savagely, "who is it?"

"I want to see the sheriff right away."

"I'm the sheriff. What do you want?"

"My name's Bates. I'm in charge of the railroad work. I killed a Mexican over in camp tonight, and here I am."

"Killed a greaser!" growled the sheriff wrathfully. "What in hell do you want

## "Fussy" smoker?

No, you're just sensible. The Girard is made for you.



Never gets on your nerves.

## GIRARD

## "Old Town Canoes"

Lightness

One chap said an "Old Town Canoe" was so light he "thought it would float on a heavy fall of dew". That's an exaggeration, but it will float loaded in the shallowest water. An "Old Town" is light as a cork and quick to respond to the slightest stroke of the paddle. Write for catalog showing different models in use. \$300 in stock. \$37 up, from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY  
1912 Fourth St. Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.



## Rider Agents Wanted

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new Ranger "Motorbike" completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the "Ranger" line of bicycles. EASY PAYMENTS if desired at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL. TIRES, Lamps, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles, half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY  
Dept. D166 Chicago



AMERICA'S  
PIONEER  
DOG MEDICINES

## BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the author  
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.  
118 W. 31st Street, New York



**I Earned \$2200 IN FOUR MONTHS**



**THIS is**  
Richard A.  
Oldham. He earned \$2200.00  
in four months with a Hay-  
wood Tire Repairing outfit. For  
20 years he was telegraph operator on the  
Illinois Central Railway. He is now 58 years  
old. He answered my advertisement—quit  
his job—bought a plant and opened a busi-  
ness. He just wrote me "I have made more  
in eight months than 2½ years as operator."  
There are now 500 stations where tire re-  
pairing is neglected.

**I Must Have 500 Men  
To Fill These Positions**

I have a Big interesting Book to send you.  
It tells all about tires—gives  
inside figures and profit. Send  
for it! What Oldham and others  
are doing you can do. \$2500.00 to  
\$4,000.00 per year is conservative.  
Like Mr. Oldham—One machine  
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me to do? Bury him?" And the  
window came down with a bang.

\* \* \* \* \*

Westward the course of empire and  
civilization takes its way. Likewise  
southward, northward and eastward—

to all points of the compass except  
southwestward, down in the Big Bend,  
along the Rio Grande. There the fron-  
tier is the frontier still. The frontier of  
history and tradition. The last, and so  
I sometimes think, the eternal frontier.

## ... Who Refused to Wear the Uniform

(Continued from page 15)

accept such service or whose sincerity or  
status had not been determined were  
segregated in camp to await examination  
by the board of inquiry. This board,  
appointed June 1, 1918, was composed  
of Major R. C. Stoddard, who a few  
weeks later was succeeded by Major W.  
G. Kellog, Judge Julian W. Mack, of  
the United States Circuit Court, and  
Dean Harlan F. Stone, of the Columbia  
University Law School. Those who  
patently were not conscientious objectors,  
but sought to evade service by claiming  
to be, were tried by court martial.

The number so tried was 504, of whom  
only one was acquitted. But as the  
sentences of fifty-three of those con-  
victed were disapproved by either the  
reviewing authority or the Judge Ad-  
vocate General, the number that finally  
received effective sentences was 450.  
Of these, exclusive of the two or three who  
died in prison and the ninety still con-  
fined, all received either the indorsed  
blue ticket or the yellow dishonorable  
discharge. All discharges were made on  
a broad policy of leniency, that is, all  
but one, which appears to have been made  
in the entirely too broad scope of an  
error and is so listed in the files of the  
Adjutant General's Office.

THIS discharge was given Allan S.  
Broms, whose classification as a  
conscientious objector seems to have  
been an error preliminary to the error  
made in his discharge. Brom's activities  
preceding his induction into the army, his  
trial and conviction afford little ground  
on which to attribute to him any honest  
conscientious scruples against warfare.  
A perusal of War Department orders leads  
one to believe that he could have been  
rated a conscientious objector under only  
some such order as the following con-  
fidential communication of December 19,  
1917, to commanding officers of National  
Army and National Guard camps:

"The Secretary of War directs that  
until further instructions on the subject  
are issued 'personal scruples against  
war' should be considered as constituting  
'conscientious objections' and such per-  
sons should be treated in the same manner  
as other 'conscientious objectors' under  
the instructions contained in confidential  
letter from this office dated October 10,  
1917.

"Under no circumstances should these  
instructions be communicated to the  
newspapers."

Before Broms became a military  
prisoner he was a soap box preacher of  
sedition. When the Selective Service  
Act became law he declared it uncon-

stitutional and refused to register. He  
was prosecuted, confined, then inducted  
into the service at Camp Dodge, Iowa.  
There he was court-martialed, March 7,  
1918, for refusing to obey orders, was  
sentenced to twenty years at hard labor  
and to be dishonorably discharged.  
On March 17, last, his sentence was  
commuted to three years, and he was  
discharged "in error." The Judge Advo-  
cate General has ruled that Broms  
legally can be taken into custody and  
made to serve the unexpired period of  
his three-years term. But Broms, at  
last accounts, was not in custody.

THE best available data on the dis-  
position of the 3,989 men who claimed  
exemption as conscientious objectors,  
exclusive of the 450 tried by courts  
martial, is that 1,300 voluntarily ac-  
cepted or were assigned to noncombatant  
services, 1,200 were furloughed to agri-  
culture; ninety-nine were assigned to  
the Friends' reconstruction unit, which  
worked under the Red Cross in the  
devastated areas of France, and 1,140  
were still in camp unassigned when the  
armistice was signed and, consequently,  
were released.

Assignments to noncombatant groups  
included service with the Medical Corps  
at home, at the front and at base hos-  
pitals in France; with the Quartermaster  
Corps in the United States; with the  
Engineers in the United States and in  
French areas in the rear of the zone of  
operations, and with other organizations  
that operated in the rear of the zone of  
operations, such as stevedore, labor and  
remount units.

Furloughs to agriculture were made on  
the individual's written agreement that  
he should receive no more than a private's  
pay, plus a reasonable amount for sub-  
sistence, clothing and medical attention,  
and that the balance of his wages should  
be paid to the Red Cross. In this  
manner the Red Cross received more  
than \$20,000.

The religious conscientious objectors  
were chiefly members of the following  
sects: Mennonites, Society of Friends,  
Dunkards, Christadelphians, True Lights  
and Holy Jumpers. They were exempted  
from combatant service under the pro-  
vision of the Selective Service Law, which  
included "any person who is found . . .  
to be a member of any well-recognized  
religious sect or organization organized  
and existing May 18, 1917, and whose  
then existing creed or principles forbid  
its members to participate in war in any  
form, and whose religious convictions  
are against war or participation therein



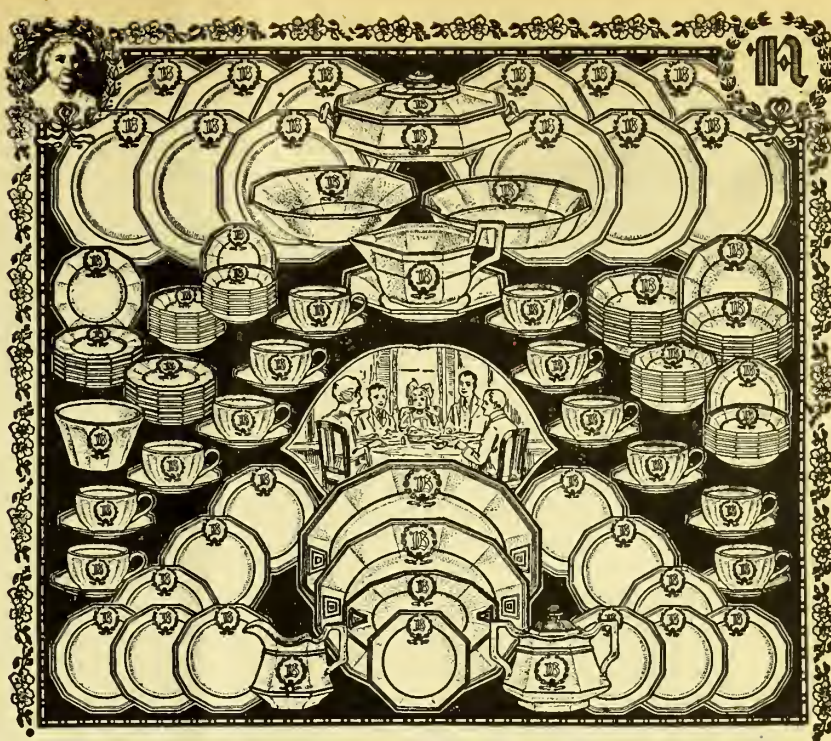
in accordance with the creed or principles of said religious organization." They were not, however, exempted from service in any capacity.

THE conscientious objectors assigned to the Friends' reconstruction unit and furloughed to agriculture received the same indorsed blue-ticket discharge as that given convicted alleged conscientious objectors. But their discharges did not involve the stigma of the award of the prison gratuity, though they, too, are included in the Comptroller's decision as not being eligible for the service bonus. Those conscientious objectors who accepted service with the troops designated above as included in noncombatant organizations received the same discharges as were awarded other members of those organizations. Neither the conscientious objectors assigned to the Friends' unit, those furloughed to agriculture, nor the so-called conscientious objectors who were convicted are eligible to membership in The American Legion. Their status can easily be determined by inspection of their certificates of discharge.

The World War did not produce America's first conscientious objector problem. It appeared during the Revolutionary War and again in the Civil War when legal provision under the draft was made to care for it. But no acute conscientious objector problem arose during the Civil War, probably because of the arrangement whereby a man was able to avoid service by providing a substitute. And long before the Revolutionary War, back to the days when Rome dominated the civilized world, Roman emperors made provision for their Hebrew legionaries, who interposed conscientious objections to performing military services on their Sabbath.

WE were not alone in having a conscientious objector problem to deal with during the war. Provision for the exemption of the conscientious objector from combatant duty was made in the first British military service act of January 27, 1917. Britain had about the same number of conscientious objectors of all classes as had the United States, and disposed of them in much the same manner. It was conceded that Germany, too, had her conscientious objector problem and disposed of it by shooting the objectors. But Germany was so thoroughly imbued with the militaristic spirit that it is unlikely she had to deal with many conscientious objectors. As in France, long years of compulsory military service previous to the World War must have resulted in adjusting the great bulk of her population to the acceptance of warfare.

Most post-war discussions and arguments terminate with the Victory Medal. Within the meaning of the phrase "active duty" as employed in General Order No. 48, War Department, 1919, and Circular No. 206, War Department, 1919, the Victory Medal will not be issued to conscientious objectors who refused to wear the uniform or to accept service in a branch of the army.



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# Confession of a Mess Sergeant

(Continued from page 13)

sector, but the Jerry gunners are always out of rifle range. For the other needs of self-defense a rifle is too cumbersome. It cannot be carried around concealed on the person. A cook should be armed with a few egg grenades which can be carried in the trousers pocket.

I have wondered, too, how the Jerry artillery used to be able to spot a kitchen so well—whether it was by the scent or whether they saw our smoke. I never knew a cook to be gassed. They could distinguish between mustard gas and slum too well. They would have been useful as gas noncoms on that account.

Getting the slum around in the lines was another nice little worry for the mess sarge. The first night in line we sent out a couple of K.P.'s with the limber. After they met the ration party near the front line a barrage opened up and several tins of coffee and a few sacks of chow were temporarily parked on an embankment. Right after the barrage let up one of the K.P.'s took a squint along the parapet. A Very light went up and a trench rat that had been running along the top stopped and got up on his haunches to see if dawn was breaking. About that time a Jerry sniper out ahead a few rods put a bullet into the rat. The K.P.'s got back to the kitchen early next morning with hair-raising tales.

"Hell," one of them said, "I never knew they had so many things over here to kill a man with."

The Germans had located the coffeetins and chow and had punctured them with machine-gun bullets, while the ration party had been shelled going in and coming out. While getting back down the line in a limber Jerry's artillery opened up on the roads, wounding the mules and spilling the contents of the limber, including the K.P.'s. They finally found a stretch of ground that looked as if it had been a roadway and after a

few hours' search found a field kitchen. After that night, it was hard to keep the kitchen force from all going up with the slum. They couldn't wait to get into action, as the reporters say.

**COMING** out of the trenches the bunch always expects a banquet. Well, they had it coming. We used to do our darndest to have a real feed on hand, and I used to instruct the K.P.s to label out a few rumors about pay day and a long rest along with the chow. We'd swap candles, soap and goldfish to the natives for fresh fruit and vegetables. ("Three cheers for the mess sarge.") Those were the times that took a little of the sting out of life.

The mess crew boys were the souvenir magnates. In my own collection of German helmets, belt buckles, trench knives, potato mashers, and field glasses are a few items that I do not remember having personally taken from the enemy. Where we had it on the others in the souvenir race was in the matter of transportation. We found that a load of helmets in the slum cart even raised the morale of the mules. I think a souvenir wagon to a company should be included in the army reorganization bill now before Congress. The men could check their stuff on the field and get it back at the port of arrival when they returned home. Few K.P.s would object to the extra work of looking after the souvenir wagon.

There have been several other changes suggested for the improvement of the service. For example, a compartment mess kit, so a man can eat his chow in courses; finger bowl to be attached to canteen; hinged toothpick on the fork handle. All these things are very well in their way but they do not strike at the heart of the matter. The mess sergeant will never feel safe in bragging about his past until they abolish slum. For if war is hell, what is slum?

# What's Wrong with the Army?

(Continued from page 8)

admire and look up to. We'd like to feel the respect we are expected to show."

"Discipline is absolutely necessary, but there is such a thing as carrying it to an extreme."

"An officer should not be saluted on the streets, but only in camps, military forts and in the line of general military duty."

"At times discipline is harsh and undemocratic, but much can be accomplished by an officer taking a personal interest in his men and occasionally holding a heart to heart talk with them."

"It all depends upon how much brains God gave the officer. Discipline must be maintained if an army is to be kept together."

"Men will do better work when used as men by their officers. Some officers use too much uncalled for authority."

"I believe there should be some way in which a body of soldiers could secure good treatment in all cases. There should be a board to investigate an officer whom a whole company considers incompetent or arrogant."

Most of the officers recommended closer cooperation between the heads of the War Department, better liaison between units at the front and in maneuvers at home. They recommended the adoption of a future military policy along the lines laid down before the Senate Military Affairs Committee by the Military Policy Committee of The American Legion, as reported in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, issue of January 2. A better development of the Air Service was urged by nearly all Artillery and Signal Corps officers.





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